This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 07607430 5

1. Fiction, American.

CHARLES VINCENT;

OR,

THE TWO CLERKS.

A TALE OF COMMERCIAL LIFE.

"What honest man can either fear his own,
Or else will hurt another's reputation?
Fear to do base, unworthy things, is valour;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valour too."

BEN JONSON.

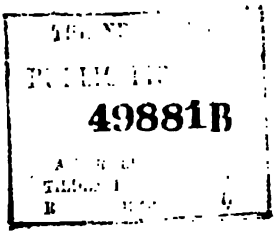
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-STREET.

1839.



Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1839,
By Harper & Brothers,
in the Clerk's Office of the Southern District of New-York.

PREFACE.

THE story contained in the following pages, is the work of one who now ventures, for the first time, to appear before the public in the character of an author, or, perhaps he should rather say, as the writer of a *book;* for he has repeatedly seen himself in print in our popular magazines, among the swarm of authorlings whose productions, or at least a majority of them, a single wave in the stream of time is sufficient to sweep into the sea of oblivion.

In thus whispering, as it were, in my readers' ears, previously to their entering upon the task of perusing this work, I design neither to solicit their favour, nor to ward off the critic's censure, by any effort to render him kindly disposed towards me. It is customary for an author to say something by way of introduction, and it is only in compliance with the "usages of the party" that I make these few remarks.

In saying that I shall not attempt to produce a friendly feeling in my behalf, I do not mean to insinuate that I am indifferent as to what may be the fate of this my first bantling: far from it. I shall watch its progress with the anxiety experienced by the speculator, who launches his carrier-pigeon,

and sees it cleave the air on its homeward passage, bearing news that may set him in a palace or consign him to a prison, according to the issue of his adventure.

Should this story fail to interest those who may honour it with a perusal, I shall be sorry both on their account and my own; while, on the other hand, if it should be well received by the public, and pass the ordeal of criticism unsinged, it would be affectation to deny that such a result would afford me the highest pleasure.

It would be unnecessary to declare, that I, at least, have a tolerably fair opinion of this production, with all its defects (for what parent does not imagine its own bairn to be the smartest and prettiest he has ever seen?); yet I confess that its success would be to me, no less a matter of astonisment than of satisfaction. I can say, in the language of La Bruyère,

> "*Si on ne goute point ces Caractères, Je m'en etonne;*
> *Et si on les goute, Je m'en etonne de même.*"

I have observed that this is my *first* novel. The judicious critic will, doubtless, perceive that such an announcement is superfluous, seeing that the numerous faults in which the work abounds, render it quite apparent that I am yet but a mere tyro in the difficult art of story-telling. Should he make such a discovery (and if he do not, I could almost bid him go and learn his trade), I sincerely hope that, for my sake, he will wipe his lorgnette, and

endeavour to ascertain if there be anything good among so much that he may call bad; carrying to my credit, as a merchant would say, the sum of genuine coin that he may chance to find in my heap of baser metal. When the balance is struck —to continue the mercantile simile—I shall be able to decide whether I have sufficient character and means to justify my pursuing the vocation; or whether, like a bankrupt trader, I should close my doors, pay what I can in the pound, and withdraw from a business which neither capacity nor capital will allow me to follow.

With these remarks I take leave of the reader, simply requesting him to bear in mind the following quotation from one of Horace's epistles:

> "*Si te forte meæ gravis uret sarcina chartæ,*
> *Abjicito.*"

THE AUTHOR.

New-York, May, 1839.

CHARLES VINCENT;

OR,

THE TWO CLERKS.

CHAPTER I.

It was near the close of a beautiful day in the month of July, 18—, that two young men were seated in the counting-house of Messrs. Wilmot & Co., at that time a distinguished firm of the city of New-York. One of them was not more than twenty years of age, with light hair, blue eyes, and a set of regular and polished teeth, which gave a peculiar sweetness to his smile; and his person, though tall, was manly and well-formed, making him appear at least five years older than he really was. There was nothing unusual or striking in his dress, but there was a certain neatness about him, the result of better taste than that manifested by the fashionable young fellows of the time. He had just finished the business of the office, or, at least, his share of it, which consisted chiefly of writing, and had taken a seat near the open window to enjoy the soft southern breeze which came with a delightful fragrance from the bay.

His companion was apparently about the same age, but in person differed materially, having jet black hair, black eyes, dark complexion, and eyebrows unusually heavy for one so young. He was about the middle height, and his dress betrayed that particular regard to fashion and display, which showed that the decoration of a person not deficient in beauty, was the most important of his daily duties. His dark locks had a decided tendency to curl, but it was whispered among his acquaintance that the barber's tongs, rather than nature, were the principal agent in producing this effect. He wore the dark blue cloth cap with tassels which at that time was so fashionable, and which contributed more, perhaps, than any other article of his dress, to that gallant air for which he was somewhat remarkable. A valuable diamond pin adorned his bosom, and the little finger of each hand was encircled by costly rings set with precious stones of the same description. He was, in short, attired in the extreme of the fashion, and his style of dress would have been considered not a little outré even in Broadway, that common resort of mustached exquisites and foolish fops.

For more than an hour he had been sitting at the other window of the office in a musing attitude, watching the vessels as they glided through the beautiful blue waters that stretched away towards Staten Island and the Narrows, and his thoughts had evidently been wandering far from the business which should have engaged his attention,

agreeably to the express wish of his employer and uncle, Mr. Adolphus Wilmot. To neglect his task, however, was nothing uncommon for Richard Brown, who had less of industry and application than any other clerk belonging to the establishment; and who, notwithstanding the almost certain prospect of his becoming a partner in the house, persisted in neglecting the affairs of the counting-room, and manifesting, in all possible ways, his strong aversion to trade.

Richard Brown was the only son of Mrs. Wilmot's brother; and being, by the death of his father (which occurred four years previously), left without a protector, he had been received into the family of the excellent Mr. Wilmot, and treated in all respects like a son. So far as regards money, the boy was sufficiently well off, having inherited from his father a fortune in stocks of nearly one hundred thousand dollars, besides a valuable estate in one of the most fertile counties in the State of New-York. He had been educated by the best teachers that the country affords, with a view to one of the learned professions; but Mr. Brown, having on his deathbed well considered the disposition of his son, and the unlikelihood of his succeeding in the department of law or physic, determined that he should enter a mercantile house, where the strict attention to business generally required of clerks, might possibly curb the impetuosity of his temper, and render him a steady and useful member of society.

"Do you go to Beechwood to-morrow?" asked the young man first described, whose name was Charles Vincent.

"I do," replied Brown. "The day after to-morrow is the birthday of Clara Wilmot, and her father has invited a few friends from the city, and all his repectable country neighbours, to pass the day at his beautiful seat. I understand, by-the-way, that you are to be among the number of his guests; if so, you may promise yourself one of the happiest days you have ever seen; that is, if the kindest hospitality, the most charming natural scenery, cultivated society, and the conversation of a young lady of exquisite beauty, are capable of making you happy. You have never seen Beechwood, I believe?"

"Never. Mr. Wilmot has frequently solicited me to pass a few days with him there; but, as I have reason to believe that such an invitation has never been given to the other clerks of the house, I have invariably declined, lest a feeling of jealousy should thereby be engendered among those with whom I desire to live on good terms. On the present occasion, however, I deemed it my duty to act differently, because the invitation was given in a manner, and accompanied by remarks, which forbid my doing otherwise than accepting it with thanks."

"You are very considerate, Vincent," said Brown; "but, had *I* been in your place, I should not have scrupled to embrace the first opportunity of making the acquaintance of Mr. Wilmot's family. You observed that the invitation was extended to no other

than yourself: very true; for who is there among the clerks, save yourself, that Mr. Wilmot could possibly receive as a visiter? A certain style of manners, and some degree of mental cultivation, are requisite to establish a claim to such notice from my uncle. Without meaning to flatter you, I will say that he is not blind to your superiority to the other clerks of the house; and I know that your repeated refusal to visit his family has given him some pain. By to-morrow night, my dear fellow, you will regret having so often declined to exchange the confined atmosphere of this counting-room for the bracing air of the country, and preferred brick, mortar, and paving stones to the smooth green lawns and shady groves of West Chester, through the foolish fear of offending some half a dozen fellows whose friendship is not worth a straw."

"I cannot agree with you, Brown, although I am obliged by the good opinion you seem to entertain of your humble servant. I do not think that I have any better right than the lowest clerk of the establishment to expect such a favour from Mr. Wilmot; nor can I allow that the friendship of those with whom I daily associate, is not, as you observe, worth a straw. I would make considerable personal sacrifice to preserve the good-will even of our porter. However, I shall go to Beechwood, and can only hope that my fellow-clerks will feel nothing like envy at my good fortune."

"Let them feel as they please and be— No; I won't go so far as that either; but accompany me

to Beechwood, and see my pretty cousin. Never fear the consequences."

"Mr. Wilmot's seat is one of the finest on the Sound, is it not?"

"Beechwood is, without exception, the loveliest spot between this and Paradise; and it may, with truth, be called a paradise, since it is the home of one who is little less than an angel."

"I shall be able to judge of all that to-morrow; but you will not, perhaps, expect me to entertain so extravagant an opinion of the young lady as you do, who probably see her with the eyes of a devoted lover."

"Pshaw! Can't a man say that his cousin is handsome without being in love with her?"

Vincent now began to prepare for closing the counting-room. The books were put away, the papers arranged in their appropriate places, and the safe, desks, et cetera, were locked with that degree of care for which he was remarkable among his fellow-clerks. While he was thus engaged, Brown stood against the doorpost twirling his cane, better satisfied to see his companion do what was to be done, than to lend a helping hand. This was in perfect keeping with his general character as a clerk; for he was seldom known to perform a duty voluntarily, excepting in the presence of Mr. Wilmot. Even then he always evinced great haste and carelessness, and, whenever his uncle left the office, Brown would instantly quit his task, and commence reading a book or newspaper, having first lighted a cigar, not-

withstanding that smoking, during business hours, had more than once been positively interdicted by the head of the firm.

The counting-room being closed, Brown invited Vincent to take a turn with him on the Battery, to enjoy for an hour or two the cool evening breeze, and to continue the conversation on the subject of Beechwood. This proposition was something quite new and unexpected, for Brown had very rarely sought Vincent's society, in consequence of their dispositions and habits being so dissimilar. On this occasion, however, he felt in unusually high spirits; and, being elated with the prospect of the birthday visit, he was desirous of talking to Vincent about Clara Wilmot, her beauty and accomplishments. She was a theme of which he was never weary; but this was the first time he had given any one reason to suspect that his admiration of her was anything more than that transient feeling excited by every pretty face he saw.

Charles readily assented to the proposal. While they were walking leisurely along, they were met by a girl who had run from an alley about fifty yards distant, and come directly towards them in the greatest possible haste. They were the first persons she met, and, with tears in her eyes, she begged them to accompany her home, where her father, whose life was in imminent danger, stood in great need of their assistance. "No time—not a moment—was to be lost," she said, "if they would be of any service to him."

The girl was about sixteen years of age, and her countenance was radiant with beauty and intelligence. Her attire was plain and neat, and, if rank can be determined by the dress, she might have belonged to the middle class of society. Brown hesitated, and bade her seek some other persons, stating that he and his companion were engaged, and could not go with her; but Vincent immediately decided to comply with her request; and, having prevailed upon Richard to do the same, they all set off at a quick pace. While they were hastening along, Vincent endeavoured to make himself acquainted with the cause of her great distress; but the girl, being out of breath, and sobbing as if her heart would break, could scarcely make herself understood. He gathered sufficient, however, to see the necessity of summoning all their resolution, if they expected to render effectual aid to her father. They passed down the street, and soon came into the neighbourhood of a few old and wretched houses, between two of which was a narrow and filthy alley leading to a four-story wooden building, whose dilapidated appearance indicated that its occupants were of the lowest order of people. The girl entered first, followed by Vincent; but Brown, who did not like the dirty state of the narrow avenue, and fearing, perhaps, that his clothes might get soiled if he ventured into so uninviting a place, stopped at the entrance and refused to go farther. He thought, after listening a moment, that the noise within proceeded from

one of those brawls so frequent among the poorer classes of Irish and others, and he had therefore no disposition to set his foot into one of their hovels, even with the prospect of being able to save life. The only interest he felt in this matter, sprung from his admiration of the beautiful girl who had solicited their assistance in behalf of her parent; but even his desire to ascertain who she might be, and to become acquainted with her, did not overcome his aversion to going among such people. He concluded to wait in the street for the return of his companion, who, he did not doubt, would soon see the folly of attempting to terminate a fray in which he would probably get more knocks than thanks, even from the obliged party.

Vincent followed his pretty guide, and was led into the old back building up two flights of stairs, from the head of which they proceeded along a narrow corridor, so dimly lighted by a few rays that struggled through a small dirty window, that it was with difficulty he could pick his way among broken chairs, old trunks, and other lumber that cumbered the passage. At the extremity of this entry was a large room, the door of which was closed and locked. The girl knocked loudly, calling upon her father, but she was entirely unheeded by those within, whose boisterous voices, mingled with groans, satisfied Vincent that foul play had been committed. She now became more alarmed than ever, declaring that her father would be killed, and begging Vincent, with the most heart-

rending appeals, to break the lock and rescue him from the hands of murderers. She then called again and again, striking the door with her hand and foot, with a view to attract her father's attention; but finding, at length, that she could not gain admittance, she gave up in despair, and sunk upon the floor in a swoon. Vincent raised her from the uncomfortable position in which she had fallen, and was in the act of seating her upon a trunk that stood near, when she suddenly recovered, and again solicited his best efforts to save her parent.

For a few moments Vincent was undecided what course to adopt. He knew, from the voices, that there were several persons in the room, all highly excited; and although he was not afraid to venture in alone, yet he was convinced, by what he heard, that to force his way single-handed would not only expose him to great personal risk, but prove unsuccessful against such fearful odds. The mere danger, however, would not have deterred him a moment; but he prudently preferred, in order to ensure success, to have the assistance of Brown or that of some other person. He returned to the head of the stairs, hoping to see his companion coming up; but when he neither saw nor heard anybody in the lower story, he began to suspect Brown of cowardice, and determined to effect an entrance forcibly, if possible, regardless of consequences. He first knocked with his fist, at the same time demanding admittance at the top of his voice; but no notice was taken of his repeated calls,

which might not have been heard amid the tumultuous flow of angry words. Finding the door too securely fastened to yield to his unaided strength, he went in search of something heavy, and discovered in the lower story the beam of an old bedstead, which he carried up to the head of the stairs. Here it occurred to him that he had better ascertain what had become of Brown. Opening the small window, he saw him waiting patiently at the entrance of the alley; and he called to him, for Heaven's sake, to come immediately to his assistance. Supposing Vincent to be in trouble, Brown lost not a moment in flying to his succour; and, in less time than it takes to describe the act, he was in the second story of the building, and agreeably disappointed at finding Vincent with no other person than the female near him.

Once in the house, he seemed to be suddenly animated by the desire of discovering the cause of the tumult; and another sight of the sobbing girl, now pale with fright, and rendered more beautiful, if possible, by her tears, confirmed his intention of seconding his companion's violent efforts to force a passage into the chamber. A few words from Vincent sufficed to explain his purpose, when, taking up the beam, both went forward with a determined resolution to succeed in their object. The girl had gone before them, and stood at the door calling repeatedly upon her father, and assuring him that assistance was at hand. They applied their instrument to the panels, and, when eight or ten blows

had been given, the door began to yield to the resistless power of the battering-ram. Encouraged by a female voice within, who bade them, as they valued the life of a fellow-being, to continue their exertions, they thumped away till the lock flew off, and allowed them a free ingress into the room. At this moment two well-dressed men rushed out, one of whom, who held a pistol in his hand, which he was endeavouring to thrust into his bosom, was knocked down by Vincent as he passed; but he instantly arose and followed his companion with all the speed he could muster, leaving behind him his weapon and a small bundle of papers.

In the chamber, lying prostrate on the floor, was a tall, brawny man, respectably attired, and wearing an appearance inconsistent with the wretched abode in which he was found. His hair was disordered, his face dirty and covered with blood, and his coat, torn in several places, showed the violence to which he had just been subjected. He was evidently stunned when they first saw him, for he lay as if he were dead, and did not even groan. Vincent thought he was lifeless, and was about to start in pursuit of the fugitives, when the wounded man began to stir, and at length to speak.

There was also in the room a lean female, considerably above the middle height, and about fifty years of age, whose hair and dress betrayed indubitable marks of having been severely handled in the late contest. She was seated on a rickety chair, and was apparently much exhausted with the pro-

tracted exertion she had made. She said nothing, but merely pointed to the man on the floor, as if to signify that it was her wish they should bestow all their attention upon him.

As soon as the door was opened, the girl, who had watched the labours of Brown and Vincent with the most intense anxiety, sprang to the side of her father, threw her arms about his neck, and exhibited an increased degree of mental anguish on seeing him covered with blood, and, as she supposed, nearly or quite dead.

After the lapse of a few moments, the man recovered sufficiently to be aware of his situation, when, in a scarcely audible voice, he requested to be laid upon the bed, which was immediately done. Vincent gave him a draught of cold water, and washed the clotted blood from a severe cut in his head just above the left temple, and then, with Brown's assistance, proceeded to bind up the wound. When they had made him as comfortable as circumstances permitted, the grateful daughter, now somewhat relieved from her fears, and decidedly more composed, modestly expressed the deep gratitude she felt for their successful exertions in behalf of her dear father, and remarked that, but for their timely interposition, he would undoubtedly have been killed. Her soft voice trembled as she looked first at one and then at the other—her eyes swimming with tears—and thanked them for the great favour they had done in preserving a life so dear to her.

The man had said but little. He was evidently

suffering great pain, which sufficiently accounted for his silence; but when he saw the young men about to withdraw, he extended his hand to Vincent, and observed that he was under great obligations to him, and owed it to him and his companion that he had not been murdered by two ruffians who sought his life. He remarked that he was near his end, and should not survive the night, as the numerous blows he had received, had doubtless fractured his scull to a degree that forbade the hope of his living longer than a very few hours. When asked if he did not desire that a surgeon should be called, he replied,

"No; it will be of no use; I cannot possibly live, and I do not wish that my last moments should be harassed by the useless tamperings of a physician. Besides, I have something to communicate of the greatest importance to three individuals whom I shall leave behind me, and I do not care to be interrupted by unavailing exertions to save my life."

At his request, the woman (whom he called Judith) and his daughter left the apartment.

"You are both too young," he said, scrutinizing the faces of Brown and Vincent by the dim light of a candle which had been brought in, "to receive so precious a charge. No, it will not do," continued he, after a short pause, raising his head and laying it again upon the pillow. "May I ask, good sirs, whether you are acquainted with some respectable elderly gentleman, whom you could bring hither in a very short time? I would gladly impart to you

what I have to say, had I not also a legacy to bequeath, more precious in my eyes than silver and gold, but which is of a character not to be safely confided to hands so young as yours."

"We know of no such individual residing in this vicinity," replied Vincent.

"Allow me to ask," said the man, evidently much disappointed, "who you and your friend are."

Vincent gave him the desired information; whereupon his countenance immediately brightened, and he asked whether the Mr. Wilmot spoken of was the distinguished merchant, and head of the firm of Wilmot & Co.

On being replied to in the affirmative, he observed, "Then I will tell all to you, and I beg of you to repeat the substance of it to your friend Mr. Wilmot, and say that, in the name of humanity, I beseech him to receive the charge which I shall commit to his care. Now, gentlemen, if you can spare half an hour, I will tell you my story."

Brown, now that the young female was no longer present, was impatient to leave; but Vincent persuaded him to remain and hear what the poor fellow had to say. The language of this man showed a degree of mental cultivation far above what they naturally expected to find in an individual occupying such a house; and it was this, perhaps, more than anything else, that excited the interest which induced them to stay and hear what he had to communicate. Seeing them hesitate, he said,

"For the mercy of Heaven! gentlemen, do not

leave me. I implore you to indulge me by listening to the confession of a dying man and a father."

"We consent," said Vincent, seating himself on the foot of the bed.

"Thank you—thank you. Now promise me that you will repeat to Mr. Wilmot what I shall tell you, and that you will request him, in my behalf, to do as I desire. I shall ask nothing which his charitable feelings will not prompt him to grant."

"I promise," observed Vincent. "We are now prepared to listen."

Erroneously supposing that he was about to die, Tyrrel, for that was his name, proceeded to give them a sketch of his life, with a circumstantial account of one or two of his adventures and their consequences. His object in doing so will be explained by himself.

CHAPTER II.

"GENTLEMEN," began Tyrrel, after he had lain a few minutes in silence, "I will now give you a short history of my life, and of the circumstances which have reduced me to my present condition. I shall not detain you long.

"My name is John Tyrrel; I was born of highly respectable parents, in the city of New-York, and, after receiving a tolerably good education, was placed with a merchant, with whom I remained till I was twenty years of age. Becoming tired of the drudgery of the counting-room, I determined to leave my employer, and go to Philadelphia with a young man of loose character whose acquaintance I had made. Finding my arrear of wages was not sufficient for my immediate wants, I abstracted from the merchant's pocket-book two hundred dollars in bank notes, intending to refund the money as soon as I was able. It being a pleasant season of the year, I proposed to my companion that, instead of travelling by stage, we should set off on foot, to which he readily assented. On our way I was taken sick, and remained at a small village nearly four weeks. During this time I became acquainted with the daughter of a clergyman—an amiable girl—who, after much persuasion, reluctantly consented to

elope with me. The first fruit of that marriage was a daughter, now dead; the second, my Emma who conducted you hither. My father-in-law was so exasperated by the conduct of his only child, that he would not forgive her; and as she survived her union with me but six years, they never saw each other again.

"Long before the death of my wife, I began to lead a very irregular life, sometimes engaged in one kind of business, and sometimes in another; was very often deeply in debt, and obliged to have recourse to a variety of expedients to extricate myself from difficulties. Naturally averse to labour, I made no attempt to gain a livelihood by honest industry. My desire was to gratify the natural indolence of my disposition; but as I was without the means of living as I wished, I was continually devising schemes by which money might be rapidly made without much effort or application. Not one of them succeeded. After repeated experiments, instead of finding my condition improved, I discovered that all my money-making plans had not only been fruitless, but that they had involved me in debt to an alarming extent.

"About this time I became known to two men, whose names were Smith and Jenkins. By them I was soon made familiar with more than one way of raising convenient sums of money. I was immediately introduced to the keeper of a gambling establishment; and so apt a scholar did I prove, that in a very short time I learned all the secrets

of that villany which secured large gains to us, while it deprived our opponents of every chance of winning. I lived several years on the profits derived from this wicked source, occasionally engaging in enterprises of great hazard; and so successful were my confederates and I in our desperate career, that we were not even suspected by the officers of the law.

"One day early in autumn, Smith and Jenkins announced to me their determination to rob a gentleman's house situated on the banks of the Delaware, some miles above Philadelphia. They had received intelligence, from a source to be depended upon, that much valuable booty in plate and money might be expected by a bold and dexterous adventurer; and as they were ready to embrace every opportunity that promised to compensate them for their trouble and risk, they instantly resolved to lose no time in securing the prize. This was the first attempt at burglary in which I had been invited to join; and I must do myself the justice to say, that, hardened as I was in crime, I did not immediately promise any assistance in this new branch of roguery. One night's reflection, however, sufficed to satisfy my conscience, and the next morning I informed my confederates that I was ready to co-operate with them at a moment's notice.

"The following Saturday night was selected as a favourable time to put our scheme in execution, not only because the moon, at midnight, would

then favour our operations, but chiefly because the proprietor of the house was expected to be absent on a visit to New-York. Meanwhile we hired a boat, and, supplying ourselves with angling instruments, went in the character of fishermen to explore the immediate vicinity of the grounds. Smith professed to be already informed as to the situation of the booty and the proper mode of gaining access to it; and all that remained to be learned, was the best way of effecting our escape, should we unfortunately be discovered. We selected a little cove about fifty yards below the house as a good place to moor our boat in, there being a thick grove of trees intervening, into which we might dash, if necessary, and defy any pursuer.

"Whence my companions acquired the information they seemed to possess concerning the internal arrangement of the house, the booty itself, and the movements of the opulent owner, I cannot say, for they would not communicate to me a secret which involved the character and safety of a valued confederate.

"About twelve o'clock on the appointed night, we dropped down the river and landed at the cove. Having so secured our boat that we could push into the stream without a moment's delay, we moved stealthily towards the house. It had been agreed that Jenkins should watch outside to give notice of danger, while Smith and I entered the mansion by a small window, which, I have reason to believe, had purposely been left unfastened. Jen-

kins stationed himself in the shadow of a neighbouring willow, and was to give a whistle as the signal of retreat. As we were approaching the house, a light suddenly appeared in the second story, and presently we saw on the ceiling the shadows of two persons moving about the room. The time being unpropitious, we cautiously withdrew to a clump of bushes, where we remained two hours waiting for the light to disappear.

"At length, perceiving no signs of any person being up or awake, we proceeded to business, having carefully surveyed the building on every side to satisfy ourselves that all were in bed. We then entered the window alluded to, and, after gaining the hall, Smith produced a light with the implements he had brought for that purpose. At first my companion appeared at a loss how to proceed, and seemed to hesitate whether to take the first door on the right or left side of the corridor; but a moment's reflection enabled him to remember that the door on the right side, as we faced the front of the house, led to the room adjoining that in which our prize lay. This was opened, but not without a creaking sound, and we passed on to the second door, which I tried and found to be locked. Here was an obstacle which promised to render our enterprise fruitless; but Smith, who was prepared for this apparent difficulty, went to one corner of the room, lifted the carpet, and picked up the key, which the careful owner doubtless thought to be as securely hidden as if it had been under the

foundation of the house. The silence was unavoidably broken in turning back the bolt; and, with all our caution on entering the room, I stumbled over a stool, making noise enough to awake any but a sound sleeper in the apartment overhead.

"The most difficult part of our business was still to be accomplished, for the plate was in a buffet, or cupboard, the doors of which were to be forced, and the money was supposed to be in a desk entirely too large and heavy to be carried away. While I held the light, my companion went carefully to work at the closet with his augur, and, after labouring about ten minutes, we were startled by the sound of footsteps in the upper story. At the same moment we heard a dog barking furiously on the outside, accompanied by a shrill whistle, which we recognised as Jenkins's alarm-signal. No time was now to be lost in making good our retreat. Abandoning everything but our light, we attempted to retrace our steps; but, before we reached the hall, the door was closed and locked by some person, leaving us no way of escape except through one of the windows. Unfortunately, at this juncture our candle was extinguished, and we were thus left to grope our way about the room, and to open the windows the best way we could. Voices on the outside convinced us that a successful exit from the house would be a matter of great difficulty; but we did not lack the courage to make a vigorous effort to cut our way to the boat.

"Smith succeeded in opening a window, and having jumped therefrom upon the lawn, was seized by two men, one of whom he knocked down, shook off the other, and dashed into the grove, hotly pursued by a huge dog. I followed as swiftly as possible; and just as I was about to enter the grove, a shot fired from the house struck me in the calf of the leg and brought me to the ground. I rose immediately, and made all the haste to gain the boat that my wounded leg would permit, supposing that my confederates were already on board, only waiting my arrival to depart. While I was hobbling along I heard a female scream, and presently rapid footsteps approached directly in my rear. I redoubled my speed and reached the boat, followed by Jenkins, who sprang on board, seized an oar with one hand, and, with Smith's and my assistance, pushed into the stream.

"Less than half a minute after we had left the bank, our pursuers made their appearance, and among them was a woman, who cried, shrieked, and seemed almost frantic with distress. We pulled lustily, and were soon out of danger; but we continued to hear the cries of that female till we had landed on the other side, about three quarters of a mile distant from the scene of our midnight adventure.

"The cause of her agony was a subject of wonder to Smith and me; but, on landing, the mystery was explained by Jenkins, who, with much nonchalance, observed that he had secured a prize

which would compensate us for the failure of our campaign, at the same time holding up to view a beautiful infant girl about six months old, wrapped in a large shawl. He said that, in the confusion of the moment, and while its mother (standing at the foot of the stairs) had been left alone by the men who had gone in pursuit of Smith and me, he rushed into the house, snatched it from her arms, and by a short cut reached the boat in advance of our pursuers, who took the longer route through the grove.

"Smith and I, bad as we were, and nerved as we had been by our desperate vocation to enterprises of every description, stood utterly confounded by the consummate audacity of our reckless companion. The fellow enjoyed the astonishment depicted in our countenances, and laughed heartily at what he considered an excellent piece of luck, secured by his praiseworthy boldness.

"Not conceiving how a stolen child could benefit us, or prove otherwise than an unprofitable burden which might lead to our detection, we insisted upon its being returned to its mother as soon as that could be effected consistently with our own safety. Jenkins objected to this, stating that his intention was to extort a large ransom from its father, and promised, when the money was received, to divide it equally, provided we would lend our aid to execute the scheme. The prospect of its being a profitable business satisfied Smith, and I gave a reluctant consent, stipulating that the child should, within a few days, be restored to its parents.

"My participation in this wicked affair has been to me the source of much mental agony; and my conscience, though not easily disturbed, has severely reproved me for the share I took in a deed which deprived a lovely woman of her life. The mother died of grief about three weeks after she was thus robbed of her daughter.

"This extraordinary transaction, of course, made a great noise. A large reward was offered for the restoration of the child, and I endeavoured, unceasingly, to persuade Jenkins to send it home and claim the money. He contended, however, that the reward was not sufficiently large, considering the wealth of the father, and the fact that it was to be divided into three parts; and was afraid to intrust the infant to another person to be carried home, lest such a step might lead to his own apprehension. His plan was to set a price which should be advanced through the postoffice, or left at a designated place, and then to leave the child where it might be found by its parents. To this I made no objection; but, on one pretence or another, he delayed executing his own proposition. I did not then suspect his object, else I should have taken forcible possession of the infant, or given such hints to its father as would have enabled him to get it in spite of its keeper's vigilance.

"The child had been carried to a remote part of the country, and placed under the care of the woman Judith, who was here when you entered, and who then lived almost alone at the foot of a

mountain in Pennsylvania, except when Jenkins, by whom she was supported, occasionally took up his abode with her for a short period. As no person but her paramour, Smith, and myself ever visited her, it was perfectly secure in her keeping; and the large price it was likely to bring, made it a charge sufficiently valuable to ensure every attention to its health and comfort.

"There evidently being in the house we had entered, a person who was not only acquainted with my companions, but who knew their places of resort in the city of Philadelphia, it became necessary that they should retire for a while into the country, in order to place themselves beyond the reach of that confederate, who might be tempted, by the proffered reward, to undertake the recovery of the child. I accompanied them to their retreat, and remained there till my wound healed.

"During this period I spared no exertions to induce Jenkins to send back the babe; and I am ashamed to confess that the desire of gain operated as strongly in my mind, as the sincere wish I entertained of ending the sufferings of its parents. He was always provided with a plea for protracting the separation, waiting, probably, for an enhancement of the reward. At length, however, I prevailed on him to write a letter to the child's father, stating the terms on which he would consent to restore it within a week after the money should be deposited in a particular place, so that it might be obtained by us without risk. This letter,

directed to Edward Aubrey, Esq., I carried to the postoffice in Philadelphia, and then returned to the country.

"Not many days subsequently to this, Jenkins left home, to ascertain, as I believed, the result of his proposition, but ostensibly to visit a friend in one of the neighbouring villages, for the purpose of collecting a debt. On his return I questioned him concerning the expected answer to his letter, and he replied, with much hesitation in his manner, that he had not been at the appointed place, and did not dare go, lest he should be arrested. I felt assured that he spoke falsely, and two circumstances conspired to strengthen the conviction. There was evidently a better understanding between Smith and him than there had been for some weeks previously; and both had more money than I could account for, except on the supposition that the ransom had been paid by Mr. Aubrey, and received by Jenkins during his absence. The longer I reflected on the probability of this being the case, the firmer became my belief that the villain had robbed the father of a large sum of money as well as of his child.

"One day, after some high words had passed between us, I charged him with having possessed himself of the ransom without performing his part of the contract; and threatened that, unless he did Mr. Aubrey justice, I would send that gentleman such information as would lead to the recovery of both infant and money. My companions were

much enraged by this decisive language, and said that if I made any disclosures they would not only take my life, but kill the child ere it should reach its parents through my instrumentality. What their object was in keeping it I could not divine, unless that they might, from time to time, extort money from its unhappy father. Scoundrel as I was, I could not avoid putting myself in the place of Mr. Aubrey, imagining the abduction of my own infant daughter, and realizing, in some degree, the intense affliction that such an event would produce.

"These men did not long hold towards me the same peremptory tone. They soon perceived the danger of exasperating one possessed of their secrets, and felt themselves too much in my power to disregard my menace, and to act independently of my counsel. Jenkins then approached me in a more friendly manner, denied that he was guilty of the conduct I had imputed to him, and assured me that no time should be lost in ascertaining whether or not Mr. Aubrey had acceded to his terms. 'Nothing,' he said, 'was farther from their thoughts, than to retain the infant longer than was requisite to obtain the sum that so rich a man as its father could afford to pay;' and he declared, with an oath, that the greatest cause of offence I had given them was my suspicion in regard to the punctual and faithful adherence to the contract that existed among ourselves.

"Next day he left home again, and was absent

nearly a week. On his return he announced that he had obtained the money, and handed me a roll of bank-bills amounting to about one thousand dollars, alleging that this sum was a little more than a third of the whole amount received. At the same time, he declared his intention of immediately placing the child within reach of its parents. My conviction that the money had been several weeks in his possession, was not at all shaken; nor did I place the fullest reliance on his promise concerning the restoration of the babe. On the following day, however, Judith and he set off with it, while Smith and I departed for Philadelphia, where we intended to take up our abode as the theatre of our future operations. Soon after our arrival there we were joined by Jenkins, who continued to live with us, and to share the profits arising from the lucrative business we pursued. During the long period of our copartnership in crime, I permitted myself to believe that Jenkins had acted in good faith towards the gentleman he had so deeply injured; but a few days since, after the lapse of nearly twenty years, I discovered that his villany had far exceeded the bounds I had supposed it capable of attaining.

"About a month ago, I was informed by Jenkins and Smith, that they had become acquainted with a young man who was in possession of ten thousand dollars in cash, which he had inherited from his father. They desired me to undertake the task of getting possession of that sum, while they de-

voted themselves to the accomplishment of another object they had in view, which promised to be very profitable. I consented to take charge of this business, and the same day I was introduced to the young man. His name was Walter Anderson; he was about twenty-three years of age, and had evidently seen but little of the world. To ingratiate myself into his favour, and to win his confidence, were the work only of a few days; and I then accompanied him to various public places of amusement, and made myself so agreeable to him, that he came, at last, to seek my society, and to ask my advice in all matters which concerned him individually. No crime in which I have participated, has cost me so many hours of bitter reflection as that of wronging a person so young, amiable, and confiding, as Walter Anderson. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade myself to perform the task assigned to me; and more than once I resolved to become his real friend, and to warn him against the machinations of designing men. But, unfortunately, my good resolutions were as evanescent as the feelings that gave rise to them; and the love of money prevailing over my incipient attachment, I possessed myself of every dollar belonging to my young friend. Oh what a hell I have suffered since the perpetration of that villanous act! Accursed be the fiends that led me, step by step, from one degree of crime to another, till even they revolted at the wickedness in which I was steeped!

"I need not relate to you the particulars of this nefarious business. Suffice it to say, that I succeeded, not without much trouble, in inspiring him with a passion for gaming; and, at length, my coadjutor, after having allowed him, at two or three sittings, to win considerable sums, stripped him of every shilling he possessed. All the while I pretended to be his friend, feigned unbounded joy at his success, and even accepted a share of his winnings; but when the tables were turned, and he became a beggar, he discovered too late that, with his money, had fled all my affected regard.

"Having accomplished my purpose, I requested my companions to come hither and receive their share of the spoils. According to our custom, we met in this room to divide profits and settle accounts, and over a bottle of brandy we narrated the history of our recent exploits. On the evening in question both Smith and Jenkins, though far from being habitually intemperate, drank more than usual, and became somewhat inebriated; when a hasty remark of Smith giving offence to Jenkins, the latter replied in a manner calculated, in the state that Smith then was, to raise his anger to the highest pitch. Both these men, now under the influence of liquor, both excited and divested of their usual caution, gave full vent to a tumultuous flow of words, and several times came near proceeding to blows. My efforts to pacify them were ineffectual. Criminations and recriminations were made at the top of their voices, without regard to time or place; and many secrets

connected with their roguery were communicated to me, which, under other circumstances, the rack itself could not have torn from them. It was then that Smith charged Jenkins with having had the child of Mr. Aubrey in his possession for many years.

"This accusation came upon me like a thunderbolt. The part I had taken in that affair, made me appear to myself worse than a demon of hell; and the deception which these men had practised both upon Mr. Aubrey and me, so exasperated my feelings, that I threatened to expose the whole transaction to the police. I ordered them to leave my house, which they refused to do before receiving their proportion of Anderson's money; but I resolutely declined making the division, and declared my intention of restoring the whole amount.

"This annunciation was followed by an attempt, on the part of Jenkins, to coerce me; but a well-dealt blow satisfied him that he was very far from being in a situation to effect his purpose by force. Smith also prepared to attack me, and seized a chair with a view of assisting Jenkins, having forgotten his own quarrel in his apprehension of losing a share of the common booty. The repulse that his companion met, however, soon convinced him that nothing would be gained by violence. After a scene of great confusion, which alarmed the neighbourhood, they withdrew, menacing my life if I persisted many days in withholding their money.

"Since that night I neither saw nor heard any-

thing of them till late this afternoon, when they again made their appearance, as if nothing had occurred, talking and laughing as usual, but making no allusion to the money. I was not deceived by their friendly approach. I felt assured that, as I was now in possession of the grand secret, and had given Jenkins a blow, his feelings towards me were widely different from what his manner indicated; and as to Smith, my refusal to divide the spoil which he was the means of placing within my reach, was sufficient to inspire him with any other than friendly intentions. Had I been misled by appearances, the glimpse of that pistol thrust into Jenkins's bosom, would have convinced me that they had come with the design of securing the money, even should it become necessary to take my life.

"My resolution to restore the funds to their lawful owner, I am ashamed to confess, had been changed into a determination to keep the whole myself; but my desire to disappoint these scoundrels had suffered no abatement, neither did I feel more disposed to receive them as friends, than at the first moment of our quarrel. They were not slow to perceive that an affectation of good feeling would avail them nothing. Having met them very coldly and continued silent for some time, apparently inattentive to their conversation, I deemed it advisable to let them know, not only that they need not expect a division of the money, but that they would oblige me by immediately quitting the house. Their manner now changed, and from high words we came to

blows. I fought them for a quarter of an hour, when, finding them likely to overpower me, I endeavoured to make my escape, but was prevented by Smith, who locked both doors and took the keys.

"After being several times felled to the floor, my strength failed me, and I became unable to make the slightest resistance. I should now have lost the money, and everything else that I possess, had I not previously taken the precaution to conceal my property in another part of the building.

"Disappointed in their search, they began to beat me as I lay helpless on the floor, threatening to shoot me if I did not inform them where I had placed the treasure; and I am sure they would ultimately have killed me, had you not so opportunely forced the door and obliged them to decamp."

During this narrative, Tyrrel evidently suffered much from his wound, and was several times compelled to pause for a few moments, till the anguish in some degree subsided. Having proceeded thus far, he lay a while with closed eyes, leaving his auditors in doubt whether his silence was caused by pain, or whether anything remained to be told. At length he resumed:

"I have been thus particular in my account of these wicked transactions for two reasons; the first, because I desired, before dying, to make a full confession of the principal crimes I have committed; the second, because I wish so to enlist your feelings

in behalf of the deeply-injured persons I have referred to, that, after my death, you will obey my injunctions concerning them. If you can sympathize with that unfortunate young man, who was, in one night, reduced from comparative affluence to poverty, request Mr. Wilmot to lose no time in finding Walter Anderson, and restoring to him the fortune of which I robbed him. That money, together with several thousand dollars of my own, is contained in a small wooden box, which will be found under some rubbish behind the stairs leading from the first story to the cellar of this house. Assist Mr. Wilmot in the search for Anderson; and if you should not soon find him, you had better advertise, lest he may leave the city before the injury is repaired. When you see him, tell him that the loss of his money could never have cost him a thousandth part of the misery which its possession has inflicted upon me; and that I implore his forgiveness for a deed of which I have most sincerely repented. Should Heaven spare my life, I will endeavour to make some amends for the pain I have occasioned him.

"I wish also that Mr. Wilmot should write to Mr. Aubrey, informing him that his daughter is in all probability alive, and advising him to come immediately to this city with a view of arresting Jenkins and Smith, who can doubtless instruct him how to recover his long-lost child. Judith, I think, can tell where those men may be found; and let her, too, be secured, as she must know something

of Miss Aubrey's history, and may be able to communicate important information. If possible, prevent her from having an interview with those infamous characters, lest she should be persuaded by them not to make any disclosures.

"And now, gentlemen, let me make my last request, and for the love of Heaven do not disregard it when I am gone. I am aware that I am about to ask, through you, a great favour of Mr. Wilmot; but what will not a father do to prevent his only child from being cast upon the wide world friendless and alone? I desire him to take charge of my daughter; to be her friend and adviser; and to protect her while she may need his protection. I have no relatives, no friends even, to whom I could with safety commit her; and it is a just punishment for the life I have led, that now, in my last moments, I am compelled to ask for my beloved daughter, the protection of a stranger whom I have never seen, and whom I know only by reputation.

"She is not what you would naturally expect the child of a criminal and outcast to be, but is innocent and well-educated, and has never learned that her father is one of the most guilty of human beings. Request your friend, therefore, to receive her as a most precious charge, and never to let a whisper reach her, concerning the wickedness of her parent. With Anderson's money, you will find a sum sufficient to support her comfortably, and I desire that Mr. Wilmot should invest it for her

where it will be safe, and give her the interest as she may require it. Ten thousand dollars of the amount contained in the box belong to Anderson; the balance, being nearly the same sum, I give to my daughter."

Tyrrel's strength held out no longer, and he fainted. On his recovering, Vincent assured him that his request in regard to Emma should be strictly complied with; that young Anderson, when found, should receive back his fortune; and that a letter, containing all the requisite information and advice, should forthwith be despatched to Mr. Aubrey.

Having obtained permission to send in a physician, the young men retired for a short time, taking with them the box of money—the source of Tyrrel's physical and mental misery. It was a small mahogany case, bound with red tape, and carefully sealed. On the lid was a label, bearing the name of a well-known citizen, into whose hands we presume he intended it to pass for Emma's benefit, in the event of his meeting the violent death which he seems to have anticipated.

CHAPTER III.

When Brown and Vincent had left the house, their first care was to return to the counting-room, in order to deposite the box, for safe-keeping, into the iron chest. The former proposed to say nothing of this matter to Mr. Wilmot, and offered to take upon himself the task of visiting or writing to Mr. Aubrey on the subject of his daughter, and of searching for young Anderson with a view of restoring his money. He pressed his companion to consent to this arrangement; but Vincent could see no good reason why Mr. Wilmot should not be made acquainted with every circumstance, agreeably to Tyrrel's request. Even if he had not pledged his word to this unhappy man, he would have refused to accede to this proposition, in consequence of Brown's age, which alone, to say nothing of his habits, rendered him unfit to be the adviser and guardian of a beautiful girl.

Brown became moody and silent on discovering that he could make no impression upon, nor satisfy his fellow-clerk as to the propriety of confiding to him the sole executorship of Tyrrel's will. At first he offered to perform the duty alone, as if he desired to relieve his uncle from the trouble it might occasion; but afterward he alleged that weighty reasons of a private nature induced him to request

that the money might be placed under his control, to be disposed of conformably to the known wishes of Tyrrel. Vincent was inflexible, and the subject was, for the time, dropped.

A surgeon was immediately called and conducted to the house, who dressed Tyrrel's wounds, and left him under the care of Emma and Judith, promising to call again on the following morning. Vincent and Brown remained until every attention which his situation required, had been bestowed upon the unfortunate criminal, when they withdrew and strolled to the Battery, pursuant to their original intention.

By this time the full moon shone brightly, and a delicious breeze came in from the bay, with a pinion so light as scarcely to ruffle the smooth water, yet making an audible murmur among the ranks of stately elms and willows. The sultriness of the evening had driven numbers of well-dressed people to seek a comfortable hour or two in lounging about this attractive spot. Here and there were groups seated on the grass, around whom children were playing and sending up their merry shouts; while along the smooth broad paths others were pursuing their quiet walk, enjoying the refreshing air, and amusing themselves with the interesting scene around them. Here passed a gentleman, with his lady on one side and a pretty boy or two on the other; there strutted a rank of young fellows, each swinging his slender cane, smoking a cigar, and perhaps attempting witticisms upon his fellow-loungers;

while, in contrast to these, the silvery hairs of age were occasionally seen, mingling with the smooth dark locks or the auburn ringlets of the girl of fifteen.

In the less frequented paths were several pairs of happy lovers—for lovers they evidently were, and happy ones too, if the inference be borne out by languishing eyes, soft whispers, and that earnest and enraptured attention which only lovers bestow on each other. Sometimes the gaze of all would be attracted by the ascension of a rocket from Castle Garden, in which there happened to be an extraordinary exhibition of fireworks, when every man, woman, and child, would suddenly stop, and stand for a moment with heads thrown back, watching its fiery course, till it burst and dropped its many-coloured stars into the Hudson.

While speaking of the Battery, we cannot forbear to add that the citizens of New-York have just reason to be proud (as they are) of this charming tract of well-regulated land, which their forefathers had the good sense to leave as a place of public resort for themselves and their descendants. No other city of America can boast of a public promenade combining so many attractions. Boston has her Malle or Common; but it is not laid out with much taste, nor is the view from it to be compared with that from the Battery. Nevertheless, it is a pretty spot, and one to which the American Athenians are much attached. Philadelphia has her squares or parks, but they are, for the most

part, surrounded by buildings; consequently, the charm of elegant scenery is wanting. The Battery, however, possesses all the advantages of the Philadelphian squares and the Bostonian Malle; to which is superadded a view of, perhaps, the noblest river in the world, and of a bay not surpassed, in the opinion of many, by even that of Naples. Our distinguished countryman, Mr. J. Fennimore Cooper, thinks differently of the harbour, and ridicules its pretensions to beauty.

After walking several times from one side to the other, Brown, who was extravagantly fond of aquatic excursions, proposed to hail the occupant of a passing barge, with a view of spending an hour or two in sailing about the river. To this Vincent consented, more to oblige Brown than from any desire of his own to partake of this sort of amusement.

The boatman pulled alongside the stairs at Castle Garden, and the young men stepped on board. At the moment they shoved off, they were startled by a plunge into the water from the bridge; and immediately after, a man's head appeared above the surface so near to the boat, that Vincent seized him by the collar of his coat, and sustained him till the waterman, assisted by Brown, dragged him on board. This was not accomplished, however, without considerable difficulty, for the man resisted with all his strength, and begged them to let him alone. Nor did he remain quiet after he was hauled into the boat, but made several unsuccessful attempts to leap again into the river. Brown and Vincent seat-

ed him between them, and endeavoured to sooth his disturbed mind; at the same time holding him by the arms to prevent his effecting his object, which appeared to be suicide. The boatman proposed to put him ashore, but Vincent thought they had better take him with them, fearing, if they should leave him at liberty, that he would immediately destroy himself, as such seemed to be his settled intention.

While they were debating this matter, the man gradually became composed, and at length requested that he might not be left alone, at the same time bursting into tears, and thanking them for preserving his life. Though he was thoroughly wetted, and, in any other than very warm weather, would have been extremely uncomfortable, they determined, in compliance with his wish, to take him with them.

A few moments brought them some distance into the stream, and the cool breeze from the bay, with the smoothness of the river, promised a delightful excursion. They pulled over to Governor's Island, made the circuit of that beautiful spot of ground, and then stood up the Hudson towards Hoboken.

When they had been on the water nearly two hours, a dark cloud, which arose in the southwest, warned them to make the best of their way to the shore. Being within a quarter of a mile of Hoboken, they concluded to go thither rather than attempt to regain the Battery, which, they feared, could be effected only with a thorough drenching, if not with considerable personal risk. The sky soon assumed a threatening aspect; the moon was obscured; and

from a gentle breeze, the wind increased to a severe gust, raising the waves to a height which menaced the safety of those in the boat, and made them apprehensive of being capsized and drowned. In a few minutes it grew very dark, and, excepting the lights of the city, no object could be discovered at the distance of twenty yards from them. The waters at length became so agitated, and the boat pitched and rolled with such violence, that the boatman, finding the oars to be utterly useless, drew them in and sat looking about him, as if he were considering what remained to be done in this fearful extremity. The wind and current were fast carrying them up the river, and it seemed a hopeless task to attempt, while the storm lasted, to regain either shore. To add to their distress, it now commenced raining a perfect flood, the boat had already shipped a large quantity of water, and it was apparent to the little crew that she could live but a short time longer, unless the tornado should abate. Once more the hardy waterman plied his oars with renewed energy, but it was so obvious that his exertions were fruitless, that he wisely determined to reserve his strength for a strong effort to sustain himself, in the event of their being overwhelmed.

During this awful period, the unhappy stranger remained perfectly silent, manifesting no signs of fear, and seemingly indifferent as to the issue of their dangerous voyage. It would appear, however, that he either intended to carry his original design into effect, or that he expected to find a watery grave

by being overturned; for he took from his pocket a small packet, and, simply requesting Vincent to take charge of it, relapsed into his former moody state. Vincent was calm and self-possessed, although aware that scarcely less than a miracle would save them; but Brown was much agitated, and evidently laboured under intense fear. The poor bargeman expected every moment to be capsized, and was doubtless more sensible of the extreme danger of their situation than any of the others. He affected to be cheerful, in order to inspire his passengers with courage; and even assured them that, by proper management, the barque would outride the storm; advising them, at the same time, if she should be swamped (to use a nautical word), to be ready to seize her before she was swept beyond their reach. At this moment he descried a large sloop within ten yards of them, and had time only to call the others' attention to her, when she struck the boat and instantly overset it. The boatman, Brown, and Vincent, seized the bobstays and clambered on board; but the stranger, though he endeavoured to do the same, missed his hold and fell back into the water. A line was thrown to him from the sloop, but it proved to be too short; and before another could be procured, he and the boat had disappeared in the darkness. A few faint cries for help were heard, but the roar of the winds, and the dashing of the waves, soon drowned his feeble voice.

Vincent inquired of the master whether something could not be done to save him; and the reply

was, that no human efforts could avail anything, as the sloop in such a wind was unmanageable, and could not be hove to without great danger; and that, if it were possible to arrest her course, the distance she would drift, and the impossibility of using a boat, would render any attempt to save the man quite hopeless. Vincent shuddered at the thought of a fellow-being dying thus, as it were, before their eyes, yet beyond the reach of aid; and his reflections during the whole evening, in consequence of this accident, were of the most melancholy character. It took a more powerful hold of his feelings than any occurrence he had ever witnessed.

Although he and Brown were comparatively out of danger, yet they had before them the unpleasant prospect of being obliged to spend perhaps the whole night on board the sloop; than which, in such a commotion of the elements, a more uncomfortable place can hardly be found.

It appeared that this craft, when the storm commenced, was approaching the city, and, finding it impracticable to reach the wharf safely, the crew took in sail and threw out an anchor. Such was the rapidity of her headway, however, that, at the moment she had run the length of her cable, it snapped like thread, leaving her at the mercy of the wind and waves. There being no other anchor on board, of course her progress could not be arrested, and she was drifting under "bare poles" when the accident just described, occurred.

The sloop continued to run in this manner, till she reached the distance of ten miles from the city, and several times narrowly escaped collision with other vessels lying at anchor in the stream. At length the wind shifted, and from a perfect gale, or hurricane, it died away to a slight breeze. The clouds broke and dispersed themselves, leaving the starry expanse unobscured; and the moon, which by this time had descended low in the heavens, still silvered the projecting headlands with her mild beams. The waters again became smooth, and a universal quiet prevailed, which, after so recent and violent an uproar, seemed almost unnatural.

The tide as well as the wind being now favourable, sail was made, and about three o'clock in the morning the sloop was safely moored at a quay in the East River.

Brown and Vincent, having given the bargeman some money, and promised to repair, in part, the loss of his boat, proceeded to the lodgings of the former, where, after putting on some dry clothes, they sat down to talk over the events of the evening. Vincent examined the packet put into his hands by the lost stranger, and found it to consist of a small pocketbook (containing a few dollars), and a letter stating his name and age, together with the reason which led him to attempt suicide. When it is mentioned that his name was found to be Walter Anderson, the reader will at once divine the cause of the unfortunate man's wish to terminate his existence.

The accident which resulted in the loss of that young man, was much deplored by Vincent, knowing as he did that it was within his power, had he known his name, to have raised him from the lowest depths of despair, to a state of comparative happiness. This reflection, while it seriously affected him, made no impression upon Brown's feelings, who only rejoiced at his own good fortune in having escaped such danger, with no other damage than that sustained by his clothes. If he thought upon the event with any degree of pain, the ruin of his fine broadcloth coat, and not the death of a fellow-being under the most appalling circumstances, was the subject of his regret. But his unbounded joy, excited by his fortunate rescue from imminent peril, excluded, at least for a while, all other feelings, and gave him but little time to dwell on the subject of his wetted clothes or the loss of poor Anderson.

Before they slept, Brown renewed his solicitation that the events of the evening should be kept secret; but assigned no satisfactory reason for desiring to withhold the information from Mr. Wilmot. His argument was, that these were matters exclusively their own; that they were men capable of managing them without the aid of a third person; and that their duty to Mr. Wilmot did not require, either that they should make him acquainted with the facts, or that the money should be committed to his charge. He again offered to communicate with Mr. Aubrey in reference to his daughter,

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY next morning, Vincent, without the knowledge of Brown, paid a visit to Tyrrel, and, contrary to his expectations, found him alive, but so ill that little hopes were entertained of his recovery. His faithful nurse Emma was seated by his side, and, when Charles entered the apartment, she rose and modestly expressed her gratitude for his kind attention to her poor father. With tears in her eyes, she stated that her parent had passed a very uncomfortable night, part of which he had been delirious, making use of language that had impressed itself strongly in her mind, and rendered her very unhappy.

Tyrrel was awake, but took no notice of the visiter, nor did he make a reply when asked whether he desired anything to be done for him. Finding that he could be of little or no service to the invalid, and thinking that the presence of a stranger might be rather a detriment than otherwise, to a man so much indisposed, Vincent, after a little conversation with Emma, withdrew. He left with her a sum of money sufficient to supply their wants during his absence from town, and assured her that, in the event of her father's death, she would not be destitute of means of living, or of the protection of a respectable

guardian. She looked much surprised at this communication, but did not ask for an explanation.

Emma Tyrrel made a deep impression upon Vincent. Her education had evidently been well attended to, for her manners were gentle and graceful, and her language scrupulously correct. She was, as we have observed, about sixteen years of age, rather tall and slender, her complexion good, and her hair, parted smoothly on her high forehead, was black and glossy. Vincent had no opportunity to converse much with this beautiful young creature, but the little he had heard her say, together with the propriety of her deportment, gave him a favourable opinion of her mind. The circumstance of her being the daughter of such a man as Tyrrel, and the occupant of a dwelling so filthy and mean, was to him a subject of regret; but he felt a high degree of pleasure in the reflection, that he had it in his power to place her in a situation more congenial to her habits and tastes.

On his way home, while the image of this young female filled his mind, Brown's proposition presented itself in a most tempting point of view. For a moment his resolution gave way, and left him undecided whether he should not keep Mr. Wilmot in the dark, that his opportunities of enjoying her society might be more frequent. He was delighted with the idea of becoming her guardian, and pictured to himself the satisfaction he might experience in being regarded by her as a care-taker and protector. This temptation, however, was of short dura-

tion, and he resolved, as soon as he should see his employer, to make him acquainted with the whole affair.

In an hour from this, Vincent and Brown, having sent down their luggage by a servant of Mr. Wilmot, were on horseback and journeying towards Beechwood, the elegant country mansion of their hospitable friend. Brown was rather taciturn. Whether the incidents of the previous night occupied his mind, and made him thoughtful and silent, or whether he was still vexed at his companion for not allowing him to have his own way, we are not prepared to decide. Certain it is, however, that, from the time they mounted till they had arrived into the open country, he had not spoken twenty words. Nor did Vincent seem disposed to be so talkative as he was wont. Their narrow escape from the angry Hudson, the loss of young Anderson who accompanied them, together with the circumstances connected with Tyrrel and his amiable daughter, were well calculated to employ his thoughts to the exclusion of everything else.

The weather was uncommonly fine; the tornado of the previous night having cleared the atmosphere, and rendered it far less sultry than it had been for several days. The foliage wore a brilliant freshness, and the moistened earth yielded a most delightful fragrance. If anything could dispel gloomy thoughts, and inspire the mind with cheerful feelings, it was the beautiful appearance of the country on the morning in question, combined with

the prospect of a pleasant journey, and the certainty that, at its termination, a cordial welcome to rural pleasures awaited the impatient travellers. Vincent was peculiarly susceptible to the influence of natural scenery, and his confinement to the city, from which he seldom went farther than Hoboken, rendered his enjoyment on this occasion tenfold greater than it would have been, had his occupation allowed him to indulge more frequently in excursions into the country.

They had not proceeded many miles, before his sadness disappeared, and left him little else to do than to feast his eyes upon the woods and green fields, and to taste, in advance, the happiness he expected to enjoy under the roof of Mr. Wilmot. The image of Emma Tyrrel no longer haunted his imagination; but, as he journeyed on, he contemplated his visit with the most pleasing anticipations, and naturally associated Clara Wilmot with the pleasure of a sojourn at Beechwood. He had frequently heard her beauty extolled, but since he first became acquainted with her father, he had seen her only once, when she stepped into the office for a few moments, to bear a message from her mother. He remembered her as a girl, at that time, about sixteen years of age, tall and graceful, with large dark eyes, black hair, fair skin, and good teeth. He remembered, too, a charming sweetness of voice, and a peculiar vivacity in her manners; and his admiration was such, that for some days he thought of little else than Clara Wilmot. This, however, was more

than a year previously to the period of our tale; and as he happened, at the time, to be much engaged, her short visit did not afford him an opportunity of becoming familiar with her personal appearance. Many months had now elapsed since he had even thought of her; consequently his recollection of her features and expression of countenance, must have been very imperfect. The prospect of so soon being introduced to her, prompted him to bring before his mind's eye, as complete a picture of the beautiful original, as his memory could furnish; and if he was not so successful as he could wish, he was sufficiently so to make him impatient for the moment of dismounting at the door of his kind friend her father.

"To-morrow, it appears, is the birthday of Miss Clara Wilmot," said Vincent, desiring as much to break the long silence that had prevailed, as to gain some information concerning the daughter of their host.

"It is," replied Brown; "to-morrow she is seventeen years of age."

"I hear she is very beautiful."

"As beautiful as an Houri," responded Brown; "but you have seen her and ought to know; for I heard you say that she once called at the counting-room while you were there."

"She did; but I was much engaged at the time, and as she was there only a few minutes, a glance or two hardly sufficed to give me a correct idea of her person. I remember that she was as lively as

a cricket, and that her smile was the sweetest I ever saw. Give me a description, if you please, of this celebrated beauty."

"I cannot do her justice in any description I can give. She is above the middle height; her hair blacker than a raven's wing, yet as glossy as silk; her eyes are still blacker than her hair, fringed with lashes as long as your finger; her skin is as white as snow, yet as transparent as pearl; her teeth, like her skin, rival the whiteness of snow; her hands are the smallest that kid ever covered, and the digital appendages are so perfectly formed, that no language could make you realize their incomparable beauty. Her figure is the most symmetrical that sculptor ever imagined; and, although once slender, she has now a plumpness that indicates an inclination to *embonpoint* rather than to the opposite quality. I need scarcely add, that her feet are all that the most fastidious could desire; and when she walks, her movements are so replete with grace and dignity, that you will be ready to exclaim with the schoolboy, *Incedit Regina.* Pray what do you think of her from that description?"

"She must be a charming creature truly. What can you say of her mind?"

"As much may be said of that, as of the exquisite temple in which it is lodged."

"She is well educated, of course," said Vincent.

"The greatest pains have been bestowed on her education," replied Brown; "and few have made better use of their opportunities than Miss Wilmot.

She is conversant with several of the modern languages, and, besides possessing much solid information, is familiar with all the accomplishments so highly prized by the young ladies of the present day. In music she is a proficient, and sings with a degree of taste and judgment rarely displayed except by professed vocalists. She has a talent for drawing; and her numerous sketches and finished pictures, representing scenes in the vicinity of her father's residence, are proofs of her excellence in this branch of art. Gifted as she is, and conscious as she must be of her superiority in acquired as well as in natural abilities, she has the simplicity of a child, and never exhibits a particle of that disgusting affectation which so many of our fashionable young ladies infuse into their deportment. You will hear no unnatural lisping from her lips, nor observe any of those studied attitudes adopted with a view to show off a fine figure, foot, or neck, to the best advantage; no melancholy expression of the countenance or drooping of the eyelids, to display the length of her lashes and make herself look interesting. In all she does and says, you may perceive the beautiful simplicity of nature.

"Unlike many of our would-be fashionables, who consider it unladylike to go from home on horseback unattended by a gentleman, she frequently rides alone for miles to relieve the infirm and poor when Mr. Wilmot is away, or when it is inconvenient for him to accompany her. I have often seen her, early in the morning, traversing the fields to

visit, at the call of charity, a sick neighbour, brushing the dew with her coarse dress and shoes, and returning with her cheeks glowing from the healthful exercise.

"She has one of the kindest hearts that ever beat in the breast of woman; and no person in distress ever appealed to her without receiving all the aid it was in her power to bestow. With all her gentleness and amiability, she possesses a most mischievous disposition, and seems to take pleasure in teazing her intimate friends with her good-humoured sallies of wit. She is very careful, however, to say nothing calculated to wound their feelings. This playful tendency she inherited from her father, and it very early began to show itself in a variety of tricks, which she was constantly inventing and playing off upon the members of the family, and even upon visiters. I will relate one incident of the kind.

"When she was about eight years of age, her father having invited a few friends to dine with him, it occurred to Clara that a good opportunity was presented for the enjoyment of some innocent fun. Setting her little brains to work, she bethought her of the pies destined to be brought on the dinner-table; and, watching for a favourable moment, she very carefully took off the upper crusts, put the contents into a basket, and, after partially filling them with sand to restore the weight, replaced the crusts so skilfully that no signs appeared of their having been disturbed.

The pies were brought in and set before Mrs. Wilmot, who proceeded to supply the guests; but her consternation may be easily imagined, when, on taking out the first piece, instead of a luscious and juicy pulp meeting the eye, away rolled the sand upon the table. The lady was somewhat confused, and looked, as if for an explanation of the phenomenon, alternately at her husband and the waiter. The latter's eyes became, as to size, like small saucers; and Mr. Wilmot could not have been more surprised had the pastry been filled with gold dust and diamonds.

"'What means this, George?' asked my aunt.

"'Don't know, madam,' replied the waiter; 'the cook didn't put that sand in the pie, I know.'

"'Try another,' said my uncle, with a smile, as if he might have suspected the truth. Another was opened with no better success; and the remainder, on being examined, were found to contain the same indigestible substance. The gentlemen, with their host, now unable to restrain themselves, gave way to a hearty burst of laughter. George, too, having, as he supposed, divined the cause of this ludicrous incident, could not suppress a titter, and was obliged to turn his dark face to the window.

"'George,' asked Mrs. Wilmot, 'where is Clara?'

"'Yonder she runs, crossing the fields after a butterfly, I 'spose,' stammered the waiter, half choked with laughter.

"'Send for her,' said his master; 'the truth is,

gentlemen,' continued my uncle, 'fate has blessed us with a most mischievous little daughter, and I will wager a trifle that she is the only person in the house that can explain this curious matter.'

"In a few moments Clara arrived, and, suspecting the cause of her being sent for, cast her black eyes on the table, and assumed a very demure and unconscious look.

"'Clara,' said her father, with some degree of severity in his tone, 'have you been meddling with those pies?'

"'I, papa?'

"'Ay, you.'

"'I did just take off the tops, papa.'

"'And then, I suppose, you just took out the contents, and filled their place with sand. Is it so?'

"'Yes, sir,' said Clara.

"'And, pray, what did you do with what you took from them?'

"'I put it into a basket, and carried it over to Mrs. Johnson, because I thought, as she was sick, and too poor to have pies, that she would be glad to have something good.'

"'You perceive, gentlemen,' said my uncle, 'that Mrs. Johnson has the pies, and you have the substitute.'

"'And we must ask your indulgence,' added his lady, 'for this is all we have to offer you in the pastry line.'

"'Granted,' said a gentleman, 'on one condition, which is, that, when we are gone, you will not rep-

rimand this pretty little creature, who shall pay the penalty of a kiss to each of those whom she has deprived of a piece of pie.'

"'We promise you,' said Mrs. Wilmot; 'we shall only send her to bed supperless for two nights as a merited punishment.'

"Clara paid the penalty, glad to escape so easily; and the amusement afforded by this circumstance to the guests, more than compensated for the loss of the pie."

CHAPTER V.

The travellers had proceeded about ten miles, when they dismounted at a small inn situated a few rods from the high road. Committing their horses to the care of a black hostler, with directions to have them well attended to and watered, they concluded to ramble in the adjoining woods for a short time, instead of waiting in the bar-room, amid the stench of rum and tobacco. They strolled some distance along the margin of a small rivulet, and at length seated themselves by its side, to enjoy the lulling sound of its running water, and the cool refreshing air of the forest.

At that time those woods were much more extensive than they now are, a large portion of them having since bowed their tall heads at the stroke of the farmer's axe; and where, at the period of which we are speaking, the high trees formed a shade so dense that the sun's rays could scarcely penetrate to the earth, making a twilight even at midday, wide fields are lying open, with not a stump or a root to attest the former existence of a broad forest on the spot where grain and maize now wave in the wind.

The silence of the retreat they had selected was only broken by that sylvan music, which, in American woods, is heard in the summer time from early

morn till late in the day. Every tree had a songster, that gave forth its melody in a frequently interrupted strain, but with a degree of energy and perseverance, as if singing were the chief business of its happy but brief term of life.

"How preferable this is," said Brown, taking off his cap and throwing open his coat, "to a seat at the desk, and the confined air of a counting-room. By Jove, I must quit that horrid life, and exchange the city for the country. I detest the dull routine of a merchant's occupation; and as there is no particular necessity for my attending to business, I do not see why I should throw away the best portion of my days, sitting before a desk in a small room in South-street, entering sales of cotton, and employing my thoughts with the uninteresting and, to me, unprofitable details of the office. I'll do it no longer—that's flat, as Jack Falstaff says: *C'est une affaire finie.*"

"Your prospect," said Vincent, "is certainly a most promising one; and were I situated as you are, to abandon such admirable opportunities of increasing my fortune, as will soon be yours, would be the last thing I should think of doing. Your fortune, it is true, is ample; but a few years devoted to business would not be thrown away, since they will afford you the means of doing a vast deal of good in the exercise of charity. To accumulate property after we have a competency, with a view of hoarding all our gains, is, certainly, to pursue an object unworthy of the high powers with which

Heaven has endowed us; but if we make a proper use of our money, the time devoted to its acquisition cannot be considered as lost. It is not mine to advise, but I beg you not to act hastily in this matter; take a little time to reconsider the subject in all its bearings before you come to a decision."

"My reason for desiring to quit the house is not simply because I have already as much property as I want, but because I have always had a settled aversion to the occupation of a merchant. Had I studied law or physic, I should be much better contented than I am. The practice of those professions appears to me to be more dignified than the employment of buying, selling, and keeping accounts. I regard the lawyer and physician as noblemen among those who labour for a livelihood; while the merchant, whose vocation is less intellectual, is, in my view, a person of much lower rank."

"I cannot agree with you, Brown, in your opinion concerning the relative dignity of these occupations. How can the practice of law, for example, be more elevated than the mercantile profession, when the object of the merchant and of the lawyer is precisely one and the same thing? Both labour for money. The same may be said of the physician, and even of the divine, since both have an eye to the recompense of reward. I look upon the merchant's calling as infinitely superior to that of the lawyer, because it is far more useful to the community.

"You have said," continued he, "that the practice of law is a more intellectual profession than

that of the merchant. Here again I differ with you. It requires as much mental exertion, and as high an order of talent, to manage successfully the extensive business of some of our large commercial houses, as it does to conduct the causes committed to the care of our most able advocates. Nay, the affairs of this nation might be respectably administered by persons wholly incompetent (supposing them not to lack experience) to stand at the head of our second-rate mercantile establishments. Take the house of Wilmot & Co.: their ships float upon every sea, and to every clime on which the sun shines, their gallant vessels have borne our country's flag. Every wind that blows either speeds them on their way to distant shores, or hastens their return with the wealth of other lands. In Europe and the Indies, and in various parts of the United States, that firm have their agents and correspondents, with whom a constant intercourse is to be maintained; and hundreds of human beings are either directly or indirectly dependant for a livelihood upon the extensive business of the house. An accurate knowledge of the foreign markets is to be acquired, and a vast variety of information is to be sought through different channels, in order to form a correct judgment as to what will answer to export and what to import. Then there are the numerous orders to be daily forwarded to many parts of the world; funds to be placed in numerous ports to meet the engagements of the firm; and there is so much of

complicated machinery to be kept in harmonious movement, requiring so constant an exercise of all the powers of the mind, that such a vocation is, in my opinion, as intellectual as the practice of law, physic, or divinity. To manage successfully the financial department of such a house, especially in seasons of pecuniary scarcity, so as honourably and punctually to meet all obligations, and at the same time provide the means requisite to send out their vessels and prevent a suspension of any branch of their business, requires a degree of talent which, in a more conspicuous sphere, might give a wide celebrity to its possessor. Contrast the position of the head of such an establishment with that of him who belongs to the *honourable* profession of law. One gives the means of living to hundreds of his fellow-beings; supplies his countrymen with all foreign articles of necessity and luxury; forwards the produce of his own land to distant climes, thus enriching others as well as himself, and, by his communication with countries beyond the sea, affording conveyance to the traveller, and increasing our stock of knowledge. The other thrives upon the contentions among mankind; and holds himself in readiness to espouse the cause of the first applicant for aid, whether it be on the side of virtue or of vice.

"Thus you see, my good sir," continued Vincent, in a less serious strain, "that I have an exalted opinion of the honourable and upright merchant, and of the dignity of his calling; and, should

it ever be my luck to be situated as you are, with a reasonable prospect of being taken, at no distant day, into a house like that of Wilmot & Co., South-street, New-York, you will not hear me talk of surrendering such advantages without an equivalent."

"Ay, but allowing all you say to be true," observed Brown, "how cursedly confining it is to one who loves to roam as well as I do. Last winter, at a time when I had promised to accompany some young fellows to Washington, in came the Florida from India, and cut out work enough to detain me till the party had returned. In May, the day before the races over the Union Course, the wind chopped round to the east purposely to annoy me; brought in two of our ships and a schooner, and thus prevented my seeing a great match between the North and the South. Three weeks ago I had arranged with a small party of ladies and gentlemen to visit Saratoga and Lake George; but, the day before we were to set off, the Montezuma ran upon Barnegat Beach, and obliged me to travel post haste through Jersey, instead of attending my friends on their tour. So it happens nine times in ten when I have any plans on foot; and is it not very provoking to be so often thwarted, considering how I am circumstanced, and the absence of all necessity that I should attend to any kind of business? No, no, Vincent, my mercantile life is ended; and if you are resolved to follow in my uncle's footsteps, success attend you. I am now a

freeman, or, rather, a freedman, a *libertinus;* for I have hitherto been a sort of bondman. My posting is done, except when I go upon a journey; no ship will interest me but the one in which I may go as a passenger; and no cotton will in future concern me, excepting that which constitutes my nethermost garments. If I should have anything to do with molasses, it will not be in hogsheads; while sugar and brandy shall henceforth be to me, only as the necessary ingredients of a delightful compound called sling. I shall put my tea into the teapot instead of vending it to the grocer; and my silk shall envelop my neck instead of being sent to the brawling auctioneer. And now, sir, if you have looked into that brook sufficiently long, we will continue our walk or remount our steeds, as you may, in your wisdom, see fit."

Saying this, Brown rose from his seat, and strolled leisurely along, leaving Vincent some paces behind, following in rather a contemplative mood, induced, perhaps, by the extreme regret with which he had listened to the announcement of his companion, respecting the step he was about to take. Vincent, although his character differed essentially from that of Brown, had, from long association in the same office, become attached to him; and he saw with deep concern the determination of his fellow-clerk to abandon the house, and, with it, the fairest prospects that ever were presented to an ambitious young merchant.

These young men, although they were together

a greater portion of the time, and had ever been on the best terms, were by no means intimate; for it rarely happened that they sought each other's society after the business of the day was over. Their habits were dissimilar; one being of an idle disposition, fond of pleasure, and of the society of gay and dissolute fellows of his own age; the other reserved, averse to companionship with the ordinary run of young men, preferring retirement and study. For books, Brown, though he had received a liberal education, cared but little; and he gave but a small portion of time to any other than works of fiction.

When Vincent first attracted the notice of Mr. Wilmot, he knew but little, being scarcely able to read, and totally unable to write even his name. He was placed under the care of a teacher, to be taught such branches only as were required to prepare him for a clerkship in a commercial house; and his diligence and aptitude for the acquisition of knowledge were such, that, in a much shorter time than he had anticipated, Mr. Wilmot found him qualified for a subordinate station in his office. On leaving school, Vincent did not abandon his studies, as boys usually do on finding themselves emancipated from the control of the pedagogue, but he continued, with increased ardour, to devote nearly all his leisure moments to his books. About two years after he was taken into the office, he commenced the study of French under an experienced teacher; and when he had made considerable progress in that language, began the Italian with-

out the aid of a master, designing to acquire such a knowledge of it only, as would enable him to read it with facility. Having pursued these studies for nearly three years, and become a good speaker of the French tongue and a ready translator of the Italian, he took up the Latin language, the grammar of which he had occasionally studied during the previous year. He procured the assistance of a Scotch gentleman, who, although he did not keep a school, or make it a practice to give private lessons, yet, admiring the studious habits of young Vincent, consented to give him a lesson every day in the Roman tongue. This gentleman's name was Allan M'Gregor, one of the most kind-hearted men that ever lived; and in all that concerned ancient learning, he was a perfect enthusiast. He had Latin constantly on his tongue's end; and so much in the practice was he of using it upon every occasion in conversation, that when he accosted a stranger, it was as often in that language as in English. In his habits and personal appearance he so much resembled the famous portraiture of Dominie Sampson, by that prince of novelists Sir Walter Scott, that no person who had read Guy Mannering could see Mr. M'Gregor and hear him converse, without being reminded of the learned Mr. Sampson. One could have sworn that Sir Walter had this old gentleman in his eye, when he drew the character of the Dominie.

Under Mr. M'Gregor, Vincent's progress was as rapid as circumstances permitted; but there were

two reasons why he advanced more slowly than he would have done at one of the common academies of the city, with nothing to attend to but his studies. M'Gregor was one of those thorough-bred scholars, who know the importance of a student's becoming well grounded in the grammar of the Latin tongue, before he is allowed to do much at translating. He kept his pupil a whole year rehearsing Ruddiman and Adam. The other reason is, that Vincent could spare from the office for this purpose, but one hour each day; part of which was consumed in going to and from the residence of Mr. M'Gregor, leaving him little more than half an hour for the recitation of his lessons.

Besides these studies, Vincent had others in hand, which, however, he pursued without method, frequently laying them aside for months to afford time for some new undertaking. His reading, too, was desultory; and it generally depended upon the feelings of the moment, whether he took from the shelves a history, a book of voyages and travels, a volume of poetry, or a novel. He was excessively fond of works of fiction, and indulged himself liberally in the perusal of them; but this did not disincline him for severer studies, as his application to them at stated hours plainly manifested. He also paid some attention to music and drawing; and so decided a talent did he evince for the latter art, that, had he applied himself exclusively to that study (as he at one time seriously contemplated), with a view of becoming an artist by profession, success, in the opinion of judges, would have attended his efforts.

We have remarked that Brown was well educated. By this we meant only that he had spent the usual time at a grammar-school, and had been graduated at a college not without some credit. As is too frequently the case, however, he had obtained but a superficial knowledge of the classical languages, and of other branches of learning; and being unable, when he received his diploma, to read the Latin and Greek but with considerable difficulty, he soon abandoned them, and lost what little he had reluctantly acquired. Although he had the reputation of being a scholar, yet he was not to be compared with Vincent, whom he underrated, and to whom he felt as superior in intellectual acquirement, as he knew himself to be in all that concerned fortune and station. This was in part Vincent's fault, who made no ostentatious display of his learning, and rarely gave his fellow-clerk a fair opportunity of discovering the riches of his mind.

Having thus glanced at Vincent's education and habits of study, and contrasted them with Brown's, we resume the thread of our narrative.

The young men had proceeded but a few rods along the course of the brook, when the report of a gun was heard, and a woodcock fell near Brown, while the shot rattled among the leaves in his immediate vicinity. At the next moment a young man, preceded by a brace of setters, and dressed in sportsman's clothes, emerged with a double-barrelled fowling-piece from a clump of bushes. He was evidently alarmed at seeing a person standing nearly in the

range of his shot, and began to stammer an apology for having fired so much at random.

"Lawyer Jenks, by all that's lovely!" said Brown.

"Brown, is it possible you are here? I thought I was alone in these woods, and did not expect to meet anybody, least of all an acquaintance."

"This is I, Mr. Jenks, unless I am vastly mistaken; and this young gentleman is my fellow-clerk, Mr. Charles Vincent, to whom allow me to introduce you. But what was that you said about shooting at random? Such a thing you never do, my dear fellow, and you have not done so now; for here lies the cock, a fine old bird, and a breakfast for any man. But, confound your piece, how she scatters; had my hand been this fellow's companion, you would have bagged them both," said Brown, raising his hand, the back of which was covered with blood streaming from several wounds.

Jenks turned pale, and seemed as much frightened as if he had actually taken Brown's life; while Vincent proceeded to examine the wounds, having first washed away the blood. It was found that several pellets had entered the back of his hand, but as the distance from which they had been discharged was fifteen or twenty yards, they had not penetrated so far as to make it difficult to extract them.

"I trust you are not badly hurt, Mr. Brown," said the young lawyer, still trembling with apprehension, and evincing the most intense anxiety.

"Ask the surgeon," replied Brown; "how do you report, sir, mortal or not mortal?"

"Not mortal, I should think," said Vincent, in the same comic tone; "but with care—"

"The arm may be saved," added Brown.

"And perhaps the hand," said Vincent.

"Mr. Jenks," said Brown, "when you reach home, publish, as the result of this morning's campaign, an attack upon the enemy in Squire Baldwin's woods, in which one was killed and one wounded. To prevent unnecessary alarm among the friends of those engaged in the action, it will be proper to give the names of the sufferers. Say that Captain John Woodcock fell dead at the first fire, while flying in the most unsoldierlike manner from the enemy; and that one Richard Brown, a private, was wounded in the hand, while totally unconscious of the immediate presence of danger."

"I am truly glad to perceive that you are not seriously wounded," replied Jenks, now, for the first, relieved of his fears of having done much mischief.

"His hand will be as good as new to-morrow," said Vincent, wrapping his handkerchief around it, "and no one needs be the wiser for this trifling accident."

"That's true, Jenks," said Brown; "don't mention this, otherwise that good old lady, your mother, will be more uneasy than ever when next you and I go into the woods with our guns. She had always an aversion to these instruments; and, if this accident should reach her ears, her natural

dread of firearms would be increased a hundred fold."

"I need scarcely inquire whether you are on your way to our neighbour Wilmot's," said Jenks.

"We are," replied Brown; "to-morrow being Miss Wilmot's birthday, we have been invited by her father to meet a few friends at his house, where, I presume, we shall have the pleasure of seeing you. Vincent and I purposing to stay down several days, it is my intention, after showing him what Westchester contains in the way of female beauty, to give him a little of the sport you have this day been enjoying, and of which he is excessively fond. I am told, by-the-way, that he is a crack shot, which will make it the more necessary for us to look well to our laurels. Will you be over to Mr. Wilmot's to-morrow?"

"I have accepted the invitation," answered Jenks, "and expect to be there. That gentleman is, you know, my favourite neighbour, and it always gives me pleasure to visit him."

"But still more to visit your favourite neighbour's daughter," said Brown, rather dryly, and winking at the same time at Vincent.

Jenks, without noticing the last remark, inquired whether they intended to resume their journey immediately; and, being answered in the affirmative, proposed that they should return to the inn by another route, in order that he might show them a tree of a peculiar kind, standing in a deep hollow a short distance from the road. After walking

some hundreds of yards, they descended into a small valley through which a road passed leading to the highway; and as they were about to follow this avenue to the left, they were startled by a low moan, which seemed to proceed from a person in deep distress. The party stopped and commenced a survey of the small space about them, which the thickness of the wood allowed them to see; and it was not till after a search of some minutes that they discovered, at the foot of a large oak tree, a man sitting upon the ground, with his hands crossed upon his knees, and his head resting thereon. His dress bespoke him to be a labouring man; and his deep groans evinced intense mental rather than physical agony. He did not hear the approach of Brown and his companions, or, if he did, he manifested no signs of being aware of their presence, until he had been spoken to more than once. His hat, which appeared to have been trodden upon, lay by his side, and near it was an open leathern pocketbook, the papers from which were strewed upon the ground. The condition of these things, and the stain of blood upon his hair and hands, were evidence of his having very recently been the subject of violence.

"Are you much hurt, my good friend?" demanded Brown, without receiving any reply.

"Can we render you any assistance?" asked Vincent, taking him by the arm; "tell us the cause of your distress, and say how we can serve you."

The man now, as if for the first time conscious

of their presence, raised his head, and was instantly recognised by Brown and Lawyer Jenks.

"'Tis Williams!" exclaimed the latter; "what in Heaven's name is the matter? What mean these tears and groans, and all this blood? Have you been robbed? Tell us, Williams; don't be afraid, man; we will help you if we can."

"No, I haven't been robbed," said Williams, again bursting into tears; "yes—yes—I have—worse than robbed, Mr. Jenks; but I'm ashamed to tell you. Oh, I'm ruined! I'm ruined!"

"Be calm, my good fellow," said the lawyer, "and act like a man. Tell us what has happened to you."

"Oh, I'm a scoundrel, Mr. Jenks; I've lost money that wasn't my own, and I'm a ruined man. You see, sir, I went to York yesterday to get a sum of money that I had owing to me there for what I had sold along off the farm; for, you see, my brother there, that lives in the Bowery near the forks, always takes what I have to sell, provided I ha'n't the time to spare in the city till all be sold; and yesterday arternoon, as I was a saying, I went down to get the money that belonged to me, and got a hundred and fifty dollars all in bank bills, which I was going to pay over to Mr. Wilmot when I got home for the rent of the farm. Well, just as I left town, two men rode alongside, and one on 'em asked me if I was going to Harlem; and when I told him I was, he said they were going a good way farther, but wasn't much ac-

quainted with the road t'other side the bridge, and wanted to know if I would show them the way to Westchester, and I told 'em I would. Then they began to ask me a good many questions; and, as I didn't suspect nothing, you know, I made no bones about answeren 'em; and, among other things, they wanted to know whether I lived in the country, and what I had been to town for; so I told 'em, just as I told you, that I had a hundred and fifty dollars owing to me which I went to York arter. Then they begun to talk about other things, and asked me how much I would take for my colt; and said they liked her, and would buy her provided I didn't want too much for her; and when I told 'em a hundred dollars would buy her, and not a cent less, they said that warn't high, as she seemed a sprightly beast; and then they said, that when they got over the bridge they would stop at a tavern, and look at her limbs and try her. Then they asked me who lived here and who lived there, and by-and-by they stopped at a public house to get something to drink, and would make me take a glass, which, as true as I'm sitting here, Mr. Jenks, I hadn't done before in years.

"Well, so we travelled along together, and I wasn't jealous of anything being wrong, for they seemed to keep with me for the sake of company, and because they warn't much acquainted t'other side the bridge. When we got in sight of the tavern out here in the road, one on 'em said he must stop and rest his horse, as he had been sick and couldn't

stan hard riden in such warm weather, unless he rested him pretty often. Besides that, he said it would be a good time to look at my colt, and perhaps, if she was as good as she looked, we might strike a bargain. So we stopped, and nothing would do but I must take another glass of brandy, and then we all went out to look at the colt; and arter examinen her all over, one on 'em said she was a likely crittur, and offered me a hundred dollars for her provided I'd throw in the bridle. As the bridle, though it was bran new, warn't worth standing about, I 'greed to do it, and then he asked me whereabouts I lived; and when I told him, he said he would come in the morning and take the colt, as he hadn't then so much money about him. Arter we had struck a bargain, one said he'd like to take a little turn in the woods while the horses was feeding, and asked me to go along; and as my horse was feeding too, and I hadn't anything perticklar to do, I went. When we got to this spot we sot down, and the men all the time were laughing and talking; and by-and-by one on 'em made a bet with 'tother that he could throw sixes twice hand running; and then he took out the dice, and throwed them on the crown of his hat, and lost. Arter that he made another bet that he'd throw sixes the first time, and he lost agin; and so he went on losing and losing, till the other fellow won all his money. Then he borrowed back ten dollars, and offered to bet me that he could throw sixes twice hand running; and as I know'd it couldn't be done only by chance, I took him up,

and he won. Then I bet him agin and agin, till he won about seventy dollars, and drove me all but distracted. At last he said he'd give me a chance to win the whole back at one throw, and so I bet him once more double and quits, as he called it, and lost all my money. Finding I hadn't any more, they got up to go, and said they was sorry I had had such bad luck. Just then I begun to be jealous that all warn't right, for I know'd they couldn't throw all sixes every time unless there was some sort of cheating. Soon as this come into my mind, I took hold of the fellow who had my money and accused him of cheating, and told him right up and down that he didn't leave these woods till he gave me back my money. By that both on 'em sot upon me, and struck me over the head with a big stick and knocked me down; and that was the last I know'd till I come to, and found myself lying on the ground. How long I laid there I don't know, but I expect it couldn't have been long (looking up at the sun), for it was 'bout noon when we come into the woods, and t'aint much past now. That's all I have to tell, Mr. Jenks; but I'm a ruined man, and a scoundrel for gambling and losing money that Mr. Wilmot has waited for so long without saying a word. Oh! what a rotten fool I was! But can't I take the law on 'em, Mr. Jenks? There was cheating, I could take my oath on't."

"Yes, Williams," said Mr. Jenks, "there is no doubt that you have been swindled out of your money; but, before you can take the law of them, they must be caught."

"That's true, so they must," said Williams, despairingly; "but maybe they ha'n't got far, and, if we run our horses, perhaps we can overhaul 'em."

"What say you for a run, gents," said the lawyer; "these rascals ought to be brought to justice; and, for my own part, I never felt more ready for a chase than I do now. We may be the means of saving the money."

"Agreed," exclaimed Vincent and Brown simultaneously. "There is no time to be lost," continued the former, "and we had better mount as soon as possible."

Saying this, Vincent set off towards the inn, followed by his companions, leaving Williams behind gathering up his pocketbook and papers.

CHAPTER VI.

A FEW minutes brought these young men to the little wretched inn we have spoken of, which, as its appearance indicated, was the resort only of those idle intemperate fellows who infest the neighbourhood of country villages. If a respectable traveller stopped there, it was but for a very short time, to water and feed his horse; while, to avoid the noisy and drunken inmates of the bar-room, he generally contented himself with a seat in the porch. At the period of our story, this tavern was the greatest nuisance within a circle of ten miles; it being the rendezvous of all the vagabonds in the vicinity, who after nightfall congregated at this point, and remained drinking, swearing, and gambling, till a late hour.

Entering the bar-room, where a miserable-looking hag was dealing out brandy to two as miserable customers, Vincent inquired whether three horsemen in company had not, within the preceding two hours, stopped at her house.

"There has been some people stopping here, to be sure," said the woman, in rather a surly tone, as if she suspected the object of the inquiry; "there isn't an hour in the whole blessed day but what we have customers for a drop of liquor, and to water their horses, and the likes o' that; and then agin there

is some nice-looking folks who stops and gives their horses drink, but calls for nothing themselves, and goes away without so much as leaving a single penny behind 'em."

"But," interrupted Vincent, hastily, and throwing down a half dollar, with a view as much to elicit the information he desired, as to show that her broad hint about paying for the privilege of stopping at her house, was not thrown away; "you must have observed three men who left their horses here, and went into those woods on the other side of the road."

"I seed two men who did that thing, and here you both are," replied the woman, in a softened tone, but not more inclined to be communicative. "There may have been more coming and going, but how should I know who goes into the woods, when I'm all the time here 'tending to customers. If ye are jealous that the men ye want is in the woods, ye can hunt there for 'em; nobody'll trouble you."

Vincent, suspecting from her manner that she knew more than it suited her to tell concerning the persons for whom they were in search, thought it not unlikely that the villains might at that moment be in the house.

"The men we wish to find," said Vincent, "returned to this house within the last half hour without the person who accompanied them to the woods; and I wished to know whether they again left here, and, if so, whether they went up or down the road; but I now strongly suspect that the men are in this

house, and, with your permission, good woman, we will make a thorough search."

Whereupon Vincent, followed by Jenks and Brown, walked towards a door which communicated with another apartment; but the woman, perceiving their intention in time, threw herself between them and the door, turned the key and put it into her pocket. This move was alone wanting to open the floodgate of her wrath; and her tongue, as if suddenly untied, became voluble with abuse, and poured it forth in so rapid a manner, that Vincent and his companions for a few moments stood mute with astonishment.

"Ye impudent brats," said she, among a hundred other things; "how dare ye come here to disturb an honest woman? Search my house, will you, ye young dandy bantums? Where's the warrant, eh? Put so much as the weight of your hands upon the knob of this door, and I'll break every bone in your puny little bodies. Yes, that I will, ye young puppies; I'll teach you to insult an honest woman in her own house; and if ye don't quit this room as soon as your legs can carry you, I'll show you how it feels to be put neck and heels into the road. Away with you, and don't stand looking me in the face, as if ye never saw a woman before; into the road with you, you young scamps, before I lay this broomstick over your shoulders."

Williams arrived in time to hear a part of this tirade; and perceiving what the object of his friends was, suggested that they should go out and ascer-

tain whether the men's horses were on the premises, which would at once decide whether the rogues themselves were in or near the house. Finding it impossible to gain an entrance into the adjoining apartment, without forcibly removing the stout and resolute woman, they adopted the suggestion of Williams, although they did not doubt that the objects of their search were still in the house. Relinquishing, therefore, for the present, their determination to force an entrance, they went from the bar-room to the piazza just as the two men were passing, under full gallop, out of the small enclosure into the highway. The foremost horseman waved his hand in token of defiance; and, when they had gained the road, they turned their horses' heads towards Westchester, and went off upon a run. It appeared that they overheard the first inquiry of Vincent on entering the inn; and apprehending that something serious might result from their conduct towards Williams, they deemed it most prudent to decamp before a sufficient force could be mustered to detain them. Leaving the house by a back door, they saddled their horses as quickly as possible, and made off in the manner described.

"There they go, by Heavens! I'll give it to you flying, ye villains," exclaimed Williams, snatching Jenks's gun, and discharging one barrel high into a tree, and the other very wide of the mark. "Your gun, lawyer, is a little crooked, or I'm a bad marksman, for I ha'n't touched a hair on 'em; and

see how that head scamp waves his hat. But I'll give you a tug before I'm done with you, ye vagabonds!"

Away went Williams to the shed under which his horse was standing, followed by Brown, Vincent, and the lawyer, who had resolved to join him in the pursuit. Here another source of trouble to the farmer was discovered; for the new bridle, which he had the day before purchased in New-York, had been exchanged for an old one so much worn as to be totally unfit for so spirited a colt as his. "Curse the thieves!" said he, as he sprung into the saddle, and set off at full speed, plunging his heels into the horse's flanks, and not even turning his head to see whether he was likely to be supported by Jenks and his companions. In a few minutes he was followed by Vincent and Brown, while the lawyer, who had come down in his sporting wagon, was detained by the longer process of putting his horse before the vehicle. This he was compelled to do without assistance; for the hostler, perceiving something singular in the movements of both parties, and having heard the woman railing at the young men, thought it best to forego his fee, lest, by aiding customers so obviously out of favour with his amiable mistress, he might call down her vengeance on his own head. As the harness had not been taken off, the lawyer was soon ready to depart, and, before the others had gained a mile, he went off at a most rapid rate. His horse had the advantage of being

fresh; and as he was a noted trotter, he lost no ground, but every moment brought his master nearer to the fugitive horsemen.

When Jenks had driven about four miles, he discovered the horses of Brown and Vincent, without their riders, standing at the edge of the road, while one of those young men appeared to be engaged with the other, who was lying on the ground. At this moment they were only about half a mile distant. Apprehending that an accident had occurred, he kept the animal at the top of his speed, and in two minutes arrived on the spot. Vincent's horse had fallen, throwing his rider head foremost, with a tremendous impetus, upon the hard earth, where he lay till he was raised by Brown and placed upon the grass near the fence. At first he appeared to be dead; but, having discovered a slight pulsation in the region of the heart, Brown commenced chafing his temples and other parts of his body very briskly, and was so engaged, with increasing hopes of success, when Jenks came up. Vincent had received no wound, and, excepting a few scratches on his forehead where it had come into contact with the ground, the skin was unbroken.

The young men were somewhat embarrassed to know whether it was most proper to carry him immediately to Mr. Jenks's (a mile distant), and procure surgical aid, or to continue rubbing him where he lay, with a view of restoring the circulation of the blood. The latter course was decided upon and pursued with the happiest effects. In about ten minutes Vincent revived; and conscious, from

the intense pain he suffered, of being seriously hurt, he requested that he might be taken, without delay, to the nearest public house. As Mr. Wilmot's residence was distant three miles, it was not thought advisable to make the attempt to reach there that day; and Vincent consented, in compliance with the urgent solicitation of Lawyer Jenks, to stop, for the present, at the house of his father.

Being unable to stand, it was not without much difficulty that they seated him in the wagon; and he fainted twice before they succeeded in so placing him, that he might, with the support of Brown, be carried without increasing his pain. Having tied both saddle-horses behind the vehicle, Mr. Jenks took the reins and drove slowly home. Williams, at the moment of the accident, was a mile in advance, eager to overtake the men he pursued, and fearing nothing but their escape, with all his hard earnings in their possession. Thus intent upon two objects—revenge and the recovery of his money, he was not aware of having been followed, consequently he could know nothing of the unfortunate accident which befell poor Vincent. We shall leave him in full chase of his morning companions, and return to the gate of Mr. Jenks, where the wagon stopped.

Vincent was carried into the house by Brown, assisted by the young lawyer and his father, who, on learning that Charles was a favourite of Mr. Wilmot, was assiduous in his efforts to make him as comfortable as possible. Mrs. Jenks, a middle-aged lady of not very prepossessing appearance,

498818

and her daughter, a pretty girl of sixteen, met them in the porch; but, after learning what had happened, they went in and caused preparations to be made for the reception of their wounded visiter. A great bustle among the domestics was the consequence of this extraordinary arrival; and Mr. Jenks's voice was frequently heard delivering orders in a somewhat peremptory manner, and in a louder tone than the occasion demanded. The bell was rung violently for Susan, the youngest female servant; who, when she made her appearance, was directed to go instantly to the stables, and summon John the coachman; and, when John arrived, he was ordered to saddle a horse as speedily as possible, and run down for the nearest physician.

While all this was going on, Vincent lay upon a sofa; but, as soon as a room was ready to receive him, he was carried up stairs and put to bed. Not more than half an hour elapsed before the physician came, and afforded the patient some relief by a copious bleeding. A careful examination of the head satisfied him that the scull was not fractured; and he expressed the confident belief that, with proper care and attention, the confinement of the patient would not exceed three or four days, or, at most, a week. When he had done all that was required at the moment, he ordered the room to be darkened, and the house to be kept as quiet as possible for the remainder of the day, hoping that the depletion, followed by a calm repose, would soon subdue the febrile excitement.

The services of Brown not being immediately required, he concluded to ride over to Mr. Wilmot's, inform them of what had occurred, and return the same evening. The hospitable Mrs. Jenks, on learning this determination, opposed it most strenuously, offering to send the coachman with any message he might desire to have conveyed. She was so sure that Mr. Brown must be excessively fatigued, that she could not listen to his riding three miles and back the same evening; besides which, she was decidedly of the opinion that Vincent, being a stranger there, would not, in his weak state, feel satisfied to be left alone with them, even for an hour.

"Come here, Edith," said Mrs. Jenks, "and help me persuade Mr. Brown not to run away so soon. I'm sure a word from you will be worth a dozen from me. Come, Edith."

"Oh, mamma," said Edith, obeying very reluctantly, "Mr. Brown may have excellent reasons for going; and if he had rather go than stay, I have nothing to say against it."

"La, Edith, how you talk! But, Mr. Brown, if you will ride over to Mr. Wilmot's, be sure you return this afternoon. Do you promise me? Shall I say to Mr. Vincent that you will be here this evening?"

"You may depend upon my being absent but a few hours," replied he, as he sprang on his horse and rode out of the dooryard.

CHAPTER VII.

Brown being upon his road to Mr. Wilmot's, and Vincent in bed, we shall proceed to give some account of the Jenks family.

Mr. Jenks the elder, till he was eighteen years of age, was a farmer's boy, and resided in Essex county, New-Jersey. Up to this period of his life, he had performed, with much patience, the duties pertaining to a farm, and, of course, had become familiar with the mysteries of ploughing, planting, hoeing corn, and digging potatoes. In winter, when he had comparatively more leisure than in summer, he had attended regularly a village school, where he had learned to read, write, and cipher; and these accomplishments, comprising the whole of his education, were afterward turned to an excellent account, and proved most conclusively (whatever scholars may assert to the contrary) that to know how to write and read, and especially to "sifer," as Col. Downing (of the 2d Brigade, Downingville Militia) would spell it, is all that is required in the business of money-making. When young Jenks had attained to his eighteenth year, he was sent by his employer to the city of New-York with a stock of potatoes, apples, and peaches, to be disposed of to the best advantage. This was the first time that he had been

intrusted with an important commission; but he had often accompanied his master to the city on similar business, and acquired sufficient knowledge and skill in the sale of the produce, to enable him to perform this duty without assistance or advice. On the occasion alluded to, he was fortunate in meeting, early in the day, with a purchaser of his whole stock; and as the sloop in which he expected to return did not leave till late in the afternoon, some hours were allowed him to walk about the city and examine its wonders. This was the first time that he found himself at leisure in the metropolis; and without any other object than the gratification of his curiosity, he wandered through the principal streets in an ecstasy of wonder. Broadway, the Bowery, Chatham-street, with their splendid shops and magnificent display of merchandise, claimed his attention; and he did not observe the spruce clerks engaged in those establishments with their fair customers, without a feeling of envy, and a secret wish that his lot had been cast in New-York, rather than on a stony and barren farm in New-Jersey.

Mr. Jenks determined that he would no longer be a farmer's boy, but that he would come to the city, and enter himself as clerk in a retail store. Accordingly, on his return to Morris county, he gave his employer due notice of his intention to leave, and on the appointed day bundled up his clothes and came to New-York. He had sufficient ready money to support him while he was in search of a

situation; but as no shopkeeper seemed willing to hire a person whose uncouth appearance was so little in his favour, and as what little cash he had was getting low, he found himself under the necessity of doing small jobs of various kinds, in order to eke out his slender finances. He did not, however, abandon the intention of becoming a salesman, feeling confident that he was designed by nature for a merchant, and that, if he could only get a foothold in a mercantile establishment, his progress towards the height of his ambition would be exceedingly rapid. In the course of a fortnight he was successful in finding a tradesman willing to take him on trial. Young Jenks, to do him full justice, was a lad of talent, and he did not fail to give ample satisfaction to his employer.

It is not our intention to follow this young man through the various stages of his career, as the narration would be as tedious to the writer as to the reader. We shall content ourselves by briefly stating, that, in due time, Mr. Jenks set up a retail dry-goods store in Chatham-street, where he was successful in making a few thousands of dollars, with which he determined to go down town and take a stand among the wholesale dealers. Having pursued what is technically termed "*jobbing*" for a few years, he started the auction business, in which he realized the major part of his very ample fortune. Mr. Jenks was a plain man, and he was also a happy one while money flowed in upon him; but he was the last person to think of cutting a dash,

or setting up for a fine gentleman. Not so Mrs. Jenks. As soon as she understood the fact that her husband was regarded on 'Change and elsewhere as a man of fortune, she conceived high notions, and was ambitious to be received into the most fashionable society of the city. Now it happened most unfortunately for her, that her education, conversation, and manners did not, in the opinion of the best society, entitle her to associate with them on a footing of equality; and, whenever she gained admittance therein, she was regarded rather as one tolerated, than cordially received as a compeer. The style she affected, her fine house and equipage, were all to no purpose. In vain did she give large parties, and invite the élite of fashionable society: some declined accepting her "*invites;*" while others, more mischievous and less scrupulous, went to amuse themselves at her expense. Her daughter, a frivolous but pretty girl, was sent to a fashionable school; but her opportunities were suffered to pass unimproved, and, despite of good instruction, she grew up ignorant and proud. Her manners, from the effect of bad example, were decidedly vulgar. The son was a young man of good sense, and having received a tolerable education, was placed in the office of one of our first attorneys, where he gained some knowledge of the mysteries of law. He had little industry, however; and being aware that his father's fortune would make him a rich man, he declined becoming a hard student, and chose rather to follow the bent of his inclination, than to apply

himself to the duties of the office. He was, as the reader has already discovered, fond of horses and dogs, and much of his time was spent in hunting woodcock and English snipe. The greatest fault of Lawyer Jenks (his title in the country) was his disposition to be more foppish than was consistent with his general character for good sense. He attended strictly to the duties of the toilet, and in the arrangement of his dress, hair, &c., was considered outré, even among his fashionable companions.

This family accidentally became acquainted with that of Mr. Wilmot, and began to cultivate the acquaintance immediately after they purchased the seat at which they resided at the period of this story. They were accustomed to go to Beechwood about once a fortnight; but the visits of Edith to Clara were more frequent, though the latter was rarely seen at Mr. Jenks's oftener than three or four times during the summer. Clara did not encourage Edith's disposition to be intimate, nor did she discourage it otherwise than by abstaining as much as possible from visiting at her father's house. The unpleasantness of being on bad terms with a neighbour, induced the Wilmots to tolerate the visitations, as Clara mischievously termed them, of their sociable friends; and they even went so far as, on certain occasions, to invite the Jenks to visit them, though the necessity of doing so was extremely unpleasant.

Mrs. Jenks, as we have said, was an ambitious woman. No sooner did she succeed in making the acquaintance of the Wilmots, than she conceived

the design of connecting her family with them in a manner that would cement their intimacy. Her desire was no less than to secure Clara for her son Jasper the lawyer; but this did not bound her wishes, for Edith was also to be disposed of, and no gentleman within the circle of her acquaintance, was so eligible as Richard Brown. It was the study of her life to secure Richard and Clara for her children, and the accomplishment of this was alone wanting to make her the happiest of mothers. She manifested a wonderful invention in devising plans to bring these young people together; and no opportunity of showing the most marked attention to Miss Wilmot, as well as to Brown, was ever permitted to pass unimproved. She had, through the preceding week, dwelt with peculiar satisfaction upon the birthday of Clara, inasmuch as it was again to be the occasion of a general meeting of the young gentlemen and ladies, so happily, in her opinion, adapted to each other. She had twenty times secretly congratulated Edith upon the prospect of seeing and conversing with Mr. Brown; and she did not fail daily to urge Jasper to make himself as agreeable as possible to Clara Wilmot. A lady of more tact would have contented herself by praising, incidentally, the objects she designed to entrap, and carefully concealing, for a while, the object she had in view; but Mrs. Jenks, at the hazard of creating a feeling the opposite of love, did not hesitate to speak unreservedly to her children of the plans she had laid. She might, perhaps, have discovered a *pen-*

chant on their part for Richard and Clara, for certain it is that, up to the period of the accident, Jasper and Edith had always manifested a strong inclination to visit the house of Mr. Wilmot, especially on occasions which called Mr. Brown from town.

The birthday visit, therefore, was by them, as well as by their mother, looked to with much pleasure; and we have reason to believe, that both Jasper and his sister had secretly resolved to leave no means untried of making a decided impression upon Clara and her cousin. Whether Edith's admiration of Mr. Brown had yet grown into a feeling bordering on love, is very doubtful; but it is certain that Jasper had formed an attachment to Clara, the warmth of which was not dreamed of even by his sharp-sighted mother. He, at least, but for his pride, would have needed no urging on the part of Mrs. Jenks; for his love of Miss Wilmot, had there been nothing to restrain him, was sufficient to have kept him continually at Beechwood. But Edith, although Brown was decidedly a favourite, was apt to grow forgetful of him during a long interval of absence, and required to be almost daily reminded of him by her scheming mother.

Such were the relations subsisting between these two families at the date of this part of the present history. When Brown had departed, it occurred to Mrs. Jenks that this accident might possibly be the means of thwarting her designs, either by the postponement of the birth-

day festival, or by the detention of her son at home, where common politeness and hospitality demanded that he should stay while Vincent remained an invalid. Brown, it is true, would be there too, but the illness of his friend would occupy his attention, and deprive her daughter of any advantage that she might otherwise derive from even a short residence under the same roof.

These reflections causing the lady some uneasiness, she went into the parlour and seated herself in a musing attitude upon a sofa, pondering the new aspect that affairs had so suddenly taken, and, like a skilful general, devising other plans for the successful prosecution of the campaign. She found herself much embarrassed to know how to proceed in the event of Vincent's continuing so ill as to make it an imperative duty on the part of the Wilmots, to defer, or altogether abandon, the intended celebration of Clara's birthday. She indulged the hope that, by the next morning, the invalid would be so far recovered as to be able to ride to Beechwood, in which case the friends of that family would probably be entertained; or, if an indefinite postponement should be announced, she saw that her son would have a good excuse for visiting there during the illness of Vincent.

The reader will, perhaps, inquire why so much management was necessary, seeing that the Wilmots received the visits of the Jenks, though, as we have remarked, they very seldom returned them. It was occasioned by the shyness of the

young lawyer. He was conscious of being regarded by the Wilmots as an admirer of Clara; and having, for a length of time, been received by that young lady with less cordiality than his pride exacted, he became rather reserved in his deportment towards the family, and reluctantly visited them except with a good excuse or upon a special invitation.

Under these peculiar circumstances, Mrs. Jenks thought it most proper to summon a council of war. Edith, who was in the garden culling flowers, was called by her mother from the window; and the young gentleman, her brother, who was in his room exchanging his sporting for another dress, was informed that his mother desired to see him immediately on his coming down stairs. In a few moments the trio were sitting in one corner of the room, when the eldest opened the business as follows:

"Now don't this beat all! After making such a reckoning of going to Mr. Wilmot's, and fixing for the last fortnight, up comes this young Vincent, as you call him, and knocks everything in the head."

"Why, ma," interrupted Edith, laughing, "how has Mr. Vincent knocked everything in the head? He has himself been knocked on the head, poor fellow!"

"Hush, you foolish child," continued her mother, "you know nothing about the matter. Hadn't I set my heart upon going over there; and hadn't we been preparing, and fixing, and fussing so long;

and wasn't it to be the finest opportunity in the world for Jasper to meet Clara? for, you know, the silly boy daren't go there as often as he might, unless he is invited or has business; and hadn't we the plan all cut and dried between us, that, as he was coming away, he was to borrow a book, so as to have, in returning it, an excuse to go there again? To be sure he was; and, at the same time, he was to offer Mr. Wilmot one of those new patent ploughshares just got from town, and afterward to go and show him how to use it, when, of course, he would be invited to stay to dinner, and then he would see Clara, and perhaps ride out with her in the afternoon. And now, after all this had been arranged so snug, who should come popping in but Jasper and Mr. Brown, with this young man of Mr. Wilmot's half killed, to prevent us all from going over there to-morrow. How, in the name of common sense, Jasper, did you come to meet with them just then, and why didn't you take Vincent to his employer instead of bringing him here? But that wouldn't have made any difference though, for he might as well be in one place as another for the matter of putting off the party; and it's about as well, after all, that you brought him here, for it's a chance if he's confined long; and, in the mean time, Mr. Brown will stay here or come every day, and then, Edith, if you're wide awake, something may come to pass. Now, child, do you follow my directions. Put on your best dress, and make yourself as agreeable as pos-

sible, and don't let that young man slip through your fingers like an eel. It isn't every day that you come across young fellows worth a hundred thousand dollars and more, and so well connected as Mr. Brown. Now mind what I tell you, and put up your hair *alley Greek*, as the hairdresser calls it, for you look altogether best in that style—"

"*A la Grecque*, mamma," said Edith; "how you do talk!"

"Well, *à la Grecque*, then; what's the difference? you know I don't talk that outlandish stuff. And, one thing more, don't fail to let him know that you attended the party of Mrs. Banks last winter; it'll make him think we're hand and glove with those kind of people. But how vexatious 'tis to think we sha'n't go to Wilmot's to-morrow, and all for this young whipper-snapper up stairs. I wish the horse had been in Guinea that fell with him. When did the doctor say he would be well, Jasper?"

"He thought in three or four days, or a week at the utmost," replied the son.

"Three or four days, or a week!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenks; "bless my feathers! And do you think it likely, Jasper, that if the party should be postponed, they will give it as soon as Vincent is well?"

"I should think so," replied Jasper; "but why give yourself so much uneasiness, mother? You are not yet certain that it will be thought necessary to postpone the party on his account. He is by no means dangerously ill; and although it will

be a disappointment to him and to Mr. Wilmot's family that he cannot be present, yet Mrs. Wilmot would not, on such slight grounds, withdraw the numerous invitations she has sent to her country neighbours. It is not improbable that Mr. Vincent may, by to-morrow morning, be so far recovered as to be able to go over there in an easy carriage. But whether your fears shall be realized or not, pray give yourself no trouble on my account. It is a matter of indifference to me whether I see Clara Wilmot or not; and if the party should be deferred, I shall not be sorry."

"So you always say," said his mother, with some displeasure; "you are always pretending that you care nothing about her; but I know better, Jasper; you are attached to her, and should do your best to marry her. It's a matter of indifference to you, is it? Pray who writ those verses "*To Clara*" which I found t'other day on your bureau? The writing looked very much like yours, but I didn't know before that you could make pretty poetry. I suppose you learned how in the law office, where you no doubt thought more of your suit to Clara than of your clients'. Did you know that I showed the little poem to her?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Jasper, with much astonishment.

"Yes I did, though; and you cannot think what a pretty thing she said after reading it."

Mortified and vexed beyond measure, the young lawyer could at first make no reply. The verses

were crude, and not intended for any eye but his own, least of all for those of Miss Wilmot. Had any person but his mother made so free with this trifle of composition, there is no saying what might have happened under the first impulse of his excitement; and it was with much difficulty that he restrained himself from giving utterance to very harsh language concerning the conduct of this indiscreet lady. Now he could say, with truth, that he cared not to meet Clara. He commanded his feelings, however, and contented himself with observing, in a grave tone, that his mother had unconsciously done him a most serious injury.

"Why, my foolish boy, do you imagine I don't know how to manage these things? I tell you those verses done the business for you. Clara read them, and the sweetest, prettiest blush came over her face that you ever saw; and then she returned them, and said that Mr. Jenks was evidently a poet, but she could only wish he had chosen another theme. Those were her very words, for I took particular care to remember them."

Jasper, out of humour with his mother, now rose and left the apartment; while Edith, not caring to receive further instructions on the subject of dress and deportment, went into the garden to finish her bouquet. Mrs. Jenks remained in her seat, reflecting on the probabilities of success in her matrimonial schemes, and wondering whether Vincent's accident was destined to deprive her, on the morrow, of that greatest of pleasures—a visit to the Wilmots.

CHAPTER VIII.

Brown returned late in the afternoon, accompanied by his uncle. Having ascertained that Vincent was awake, they proceeded to his room, and found him much better than they had reason to expect. He was almost free from pain, and, though weak from the loss of blood, felt so much relieved, that he was willing, if it should be thought best, to undertake the remainder of his journey the same evening. Of course this was objected to by Mr. Wilmot, who did not believe that even the next day would find him in a situation to ride the three miles. He rejoiced, however, to perceive that Vincent was much different from what he was led to apprehend, after learning the nature of the accident, and the immediate effects it had produced. Having remained nearly two hours with him, Mr. Wilmot took leave, promising to call with his carriage the following day, with a view of conveying him to Beechwood, should circumstances prove favourable.

On going down stairs, Mrs. Jenks inquired anxiously concerning the invalid, and expressed her serious apprehension that his life might be in great jeopardy from the effects of so sudden and violent a fall upon his head. She had great confidence, however, in the skill of the physician, and assured

Mr. Wilmot that nothing should be wanting on her part to secure the patient's comfort. She regarded it as a providential thing that the accident had happened so near their house, otherwise the delay that would have occurred in procuring a physician, might have proved fatal. On being informed by Mr. Wilmot that he had reason to believe the injury sustained by Mr. Vincent was not very serious, and that he hoped to relieve her, on the morrow, from any farther trouble, she was very glad indeed to hear so favourable a report; but she could not positively listen to Mr. Vincent's being compelled to leave so soon, lest the ride, short as it was, might prove detrimental, and cause a relapse. The only considerations that could reconcile her to the thought of his attempting the short journey, were the strong desire he must feel to be present at the birthday festivities, and the great disappointment it would be to him, as well as to every member of Mr. Wilmot's family, if his indisposition should oblige him to remain.

This remark was evidently intended to elicit some reply by which she might ascertain whether the situation of Vincent would interfere with the doings of the following day; but, as nothing was said to the contrary by Mr. Wilmot, she was left to infer that the friends of the family would be received pursuant to the invitations. Mrs. Jenks was now too happy, and she could not refrain from expressing more than once to Mr. Wilmot the pleasure she anticipated.

When that gentleman had departed, Mr. Brown was so fortunate as to receive the unbounded attentions of his hostess; but whether he found them less agreeable than he could wish, we are not prepared to determine. He very soon, however, excused himself and repaired to Vincent's room, where he remained until he retired for the night.

On the following day the invalid rose and dressed himself, being free from pain, and, as he supposed, entirely well. The physician, who came early, was somewhat surprised at this speedy recovery, having felt secure of being called upon for at least a week's attendance.

After breakfast Mr. Wilmot arrived with his carriage, and preparations were made by the Jenks to accompany him on his return, although it was three or four hours earlier than the time designated by Mrs. Wilmot on her cards. Conceiving that the intimacy which, she had persuaded herself, subsisted between the two families, would warrant this deviation from etiquette, Mrs. Jenks did not hesitate to inform the gentleman, much to his surprise, that she designed going with him, attended by her son and daughter. She ordered the coach to be got ready as soon as possible, and flew about the house with all the speed she could muster, to hasten the preparations for their departure. Edith being, as her mother thought, rather dilatory, was visited every few minutes by Mrs. Jenks or her maid, to ascertain how she got on with her dressing; while Jasper, who did not like this early start, was ill dis-

posed to please his mother in this particular, and took his own time to make his toilet. Mr. Jenks, having some business to attend to during the morning, could not accompany his lady, but promised to be punctual at the hour of dinner.

All things being in readiness, the whole party set off; Mr. Wilmot and Vincent in one carriage, Mrs. Jenks, Jasper, and Edith in another, and Brown on horseback. On arriving at the lane which led down to Beechwood, a young lady was seen approaching on a milk-white pony; and at the next moment she was beside the leading coach, ready to enter the private avenue with them on the opening of the gate. She was attired in a riding habit of dark blue cloth, whose ample dimensions nearly swept the ground; and her hat was of black velvet, of a most becoming shape, beneath which flowed a profusion of black curls, contrasting beautifully with the small visible portion of her pure white neck. Her cheeks, from the exercise, were glowing wih crimson; and the smile with which she greeted the party disclosed a row of exceedingly fine teeth.

During the little pause which ensued before the gate, Mr. Wilmot introduced Vincent to this young lady, who, as the reader already suspects, was his daughter Clara. Miss Wilmot expressed her agreeable surprise at seeing Vincent so far recovered as to be able to ride; having supposed, from Mr. Brown's account of the accident, and her father's report, that he would be confined for at least three or four days.

"Pray, Clara, whither have you been galloping this morning?" demanded her father; "and how many more times must I assure you, that, when you desire to go beyond my grounds, I shall always be ready to attend you? This girl," continued he, turning to Vincent, "likes a horse as well as a dragoon loves his charger; and she rides alone over more ground on that pony of hers, than any gentleman in the country."

"My errand this morning, papa," replied Clara, smiling, "was one that could not well be deferred till you came home, otherwise I should have waited for you. Poor Mrs. Scott, who, you are aware, has been some time sick, was last night found to be much worse; and, on learning this fact after breakfast, I lost no time in going to see her. She is very low, and faint hopes of her recovery are entertained by the physician. So you see, papa, that I have not, on this occasion at least, disobeyed your injunctions without good cause."

"Well, Clara, I forgive you this time, in consideration of the charitable duty you were called upon to perform; but I must exact a promise, that, in future, you will forego this galloping up and down the high road alone, as if no gentleman could be found to accompany you. By-and-by you will be taken for a lady highwayman, seeking for some well-loaded purse to transfer to your own pockets; and I shall be put to the trouble of testifying, before a magistrate, to your high respectability."

"I do not think there is much danger of your

being put to so much trouble on my account," said Clara, laughing; "for I believe I am sufficiently well known in these parts to render any testimony in my favour quite unnecessary. But I will go so far as to say, that, in future, I will avoid the high-ways as much as practicable, and confine my travels to the by-ways; leaving myself at perfect liberty, on occasions similar to the call of Mrs. Scott, to go whither and when I must."

At this moment Mrs. Jenks, having discovered Clara, put her head out of the coach window and called her at the top of her voice. For a few minutes Miss Wilmot pretended not to hear her, and, of course, took no notice of the calls; but at length, being reminded by Mr. Wilmot that the lady would like to speak with her, she was under the necessity of falling back, or, rather, of stopping her pony till Mrs. Jenks came up.

"How do you do, Clara, dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, stretching herself as far as possible out of the window, in order to shake hands; "you can't think how glad I am to see you, and looking so well, too, this morning; cheeks as red as roses. See, Jasper, what a pretty colour. You have the nicest little horse in the world, Clara, and they say you almost live on him. I often tell the lawyer here, that he ought to go over to your house every few days, to offer his services in escorting you about; but the boy is *so* shy. We come very early, you see; but no apology is necessary, I hope, as we are so intimate with all of you. I thought I would run over early

and help you a little before the company comes, as I know how convenient it is to have some person handy to call upon for a little assistance and advice. By-the-way, I must apologize for not offering you the use of my fine costly set of china and anything else you might want; but the fact is, I never once thought of it till this morning just as I was coming away, when I put a few things in this basket, which I'm sure you'll stand in need of. You must make free with everything of mine, for our intimacy, you know, will justify your calling upon me for advice and assistance."

"You are exceedingly kind," replied Clara, much amused with her neighbour's officiousness; "but I am sorry that you should have taken the unnecessary trouble to bring anything with you, and for your offer of aid you will please to accept my thanks. Our good friends will, I hope, be content with our own poor arrangements for the occasion; and we shall not, therefore, be compelled to avail ourselves of your obliging tender of advice and assistance."

"Now I'm sorry to hear that," replied Mrs. Jenks, "for I always flattered myself that I have a knack of putting in a finger here and there just where it's wanted; and I've no doubt, when we get down to the house, I shall find some little matters that want attending to, or altering, or fixing some how; and if I should, you mustn't hinder me, for our intimacy, you know—"

"I have no doubt," said Clara, "that you have both the ability and the inclination to be quite use-

ful; and, since you insist upon it, pray do whatever your kindness may dictate."

Mrs. Jenks and Miss Wilmot continued the conversation till they arrived at the house; the former, as usual, taking much the larger share; while Jasper, offended at the remarks of his mother with which his name was connected, sat, during the ride, in moody silence. He had not forgotten the exhibition of his poetry to Clara; and this being now followed up by observations which he considered injudicious, was ill calculated to put him in a good humour. He had intended, by a certain line of conduct, to repair, if possible, the bad effects of his mother's mistaken policy; but this new instance of folly completely discouraged him, and even caused him to meditate the design of going immediately home. Edith was also silent, but she appeared to be occupied with thoughts having no connexion with what was passing between her mother and Miss Wilmot; nor did Brown, who was at Clara's side, succeed in drawing that young lady into conversation.

When the little party had arrived at Beechwood, Vincent found it necessary to retire, being unable to sit up, in consequence of a severe pain in his head, which had attacked him immediately on stepping into the coach.

In the course of the day, Mr. Wilmot, being sent for, came into the bedroom, when Vincent gave him a short account of the events of the preceding two days, and communicated to him Tyrrel's request

in reference to his daughter Emma. Mr. Wilmot said he intended to go to the city next day, when he would give all necessary attention to those matters. He seemed to be much interested by Tyrrel's narrative, particularly that part concerning the robbery of Mr. Aubrey, whom he well knew by reputation; and although he questioned whether any search for the child of whom that gentleman had been deprived, would prove successful, yet he promised to follow Tyrrel's injunctions, and cause Judith and the others to be taken into custody.

Vincent's description of Emma inspired him with a deep interest in her welfare; and with the promptness of decision for which he was remarkable, he immediately consented to become her guardian and protector.

Without making sufficient allowance for his age and inexperience, Mr. Wilmot formed a poor opinion of Anderson, in consequence of the facility with which he had been duped and ruined.

CHAPTER IX.

We shall not trouble the reader with a history of the doings at Beechwood, on the occasion of Clara's birthday, as little occurred worthy of being recorded. We shall content ourselves by observing, that from thirty to fifty of the country neighbours assembled, and were all much pleased with the elegant entertainment of their hosts. Mrs. Jenks was as happy as she could well be, and experienced but one drawback to her felicity, in the silence and want of ardour manifested by her son Jasper. She was desirous that he should monopolize Clara's attention; instead of which, he scarcely spoke to her during the whole day. This was a serious disappointment to Mrs. Jenks, because she had long considered this as a favourable opportunity for him to make some progress in his suit. Instead of turning it to a profitable account, however, he suffered it to pass unimproved, much to the chagrin of his aspiring mother. She spoke to him several times, urging him to enter into conversation with her; but he had always an excuse ready for not obeying her injunctions at the moment, encouraging her to believe that, before he left, he would satisfy her on that point.

Much as he would have enjoyed talking to Miss Wilmot, Jasper was so mortified by the course his

mother had taken, that he hardly dared look at the young lady, feeling assured that the exhibition of the poem, and Mrs. Jenks's observations during the ride, must have thoroughly disgusted her.

After dinner, discovering that her son continued to avoid Clara, Mrs. Jenks determined to act in his behalf, as soon as a suitable opportunity should present of detaching her from a number of ladies and gentlemen with whom she was engaged in conversation. Having waited impatiently for some time, she at length contrived to draw her aside, ostensibly to ask an explanation of a large print which lay on a small table in one corner of the room. Clara gave her the desired explanation; and, after making some remarks on that and other pictures, was about to call her attention to a little work of art which her father had just presented to her, when Mrs. Jenks requested her to be seated, and, at the same time, called Jasper, who was standing near to them.

"Come sit down here, Clara, dear," said she; "I want to talk to you, for I haven't hardly had a chance to speak to you the whole blessed day. Where have you kept yourself, that I couldn't so much as have the pleasure of looking at you? Here, Jasper, come here, dear; take this chair, and we'll have a little chat among ourselves; for I do so like to get away from the crowd, and sit with a friend or two snug in one corner."

"I hope you have found no lack of amusement to-day," said Clara, supposing that Mrs. Jenks in-

tended to convey a reproach for not having paid her more attention; "but the truth is, I have been so much engaged in endeavouring to entertain those who are comparatively strangers, that I fear I have too much neglected our old friends."

"Oh, as to that," said Mrs. Jenks, exceedingly flattered by being ranked among the old friends of the Wilmots, "say nothing about it. I assure you that I can always find amusement; yes, yes, let me alone for that. Besides, as you say, the intimate acquaintance of the family ought to shirk for themselves, so that the strangers may receive proper attention. Do you know, I'm so rejoiced to see everybody *so* happy, it fairly does me good. And do you know that I've been stirring round, helping you to make this go off well?"

"You are very good," said Clara, in an ironical tone, and scarcely able to repress a smile; "we are much obliged by your kind efforts in our behalf; but I am afraid that you are giving yourself too much trouble."

"By no means," replied Mrs. Jenks; "you can't think how I like to help along; now I've been up stairs looking about, and down to the kitchen, giving some directions to the servants; and I have made one or two alterations in your plans, which I know you will approve."

"Everything you do here, of course, will meet our approbation," said Clara, in a tone which sufficiently explained how such a liberty was regarded by her.

"I know that," continued Mrs. Jenks, "for our intimacy, you know, is such, that I can take a little freedom without giving offence. But that's neither here nor there. What I want to see you particularly about, is to apologize for this naughty boy's conduct—"

"Why, ma," interrupted the lawyer, "I was not conscious of having done anything requiring an apology; but, if you have really made such a discovery, I shall not hesitate to ask Miss Wilmot's pardon."

"I was going to apologize," said Mrs. Jenks, "for your not having spoken a solitary word to Clara since you came into the house. Now you know that you admire Miss Wilmot, and you needn't deny it; and, as she thinks abundance of you, I know she feels hurt at your neglect."

"Pray, Mrs. Jenks," interrupted Clara, "have you seen this beautiful new print, representing the city and bay of New-York? If you have not, I think you will admire it. Here it is, and I will leave you to look at it while I speak a word with papa."

"No, no, Clara," said Mrs. Jenks, taking hold of Clara's dress to prevent her from rising; "that picture is very pretty, and I'll examine it by-and-by; but, at present, I want to convince Jasper that you are not offended because he wrote poetry on you, but that you are much pleased—"

"Offended; no, indeed," said Clara, laughing,

"I never get offended at anybody. But, Mrs. Jenks, I want your candid opinion of this picture."

"By-and-by we'll talk of that," replied Mrs. Jenks; "but, as I was saying, Jasper took into his foolish head that the verses warn't good enough for you to see, and said how that you wouldn't like to be the subject of poetry. But I knew you better; and I told him that I knew young women well enough, and that, if anything would do the business for him, that would; so—"

"That appears to be a faithful representation of the city," said Jasper, with a view of diverting Miss Wilmot's attention from his mother's conversation. "It was taken from Brooklyn Heights, was it not?"

"It was," replied Clara, "and I believe the drawing is considered very correct."

"But, Clara," said Mrs. Jenks, "you haven't pacified Jasper yet about that poetry—"

"Have you copies of the Hudson River Views?" inquired Jasper, determined, if possible, to turn the conversation.

Before Clara had time to reply, Brown joined the little circle, and was forthwith accosted by Mrs. Jenks.

"Ah, Mr. Brown," said she, "come sit down. You and Edith have had a little chat. She's a little shy, and won't talk as glib as many do, but you'll make allowance for that. Edith's a good girl, though I say it myself, and isn't one to be sneezed at every day. She has many admirers, as well she may, considering all things; but I

shouldn't like to say whom she prefers among them. The gentleman himself knows; men have sharp eyes in such matters, haven't they, Mr. Brown?"

"Very true," said Brown, smiling; "I dare say that the gentleman who is so fortunate as to be the favoured one of Miss Jenks, is perfectly aware of his advantage."

"No doubt of it," added Mrs. Jenks, looking at Brown with a peculiar meaning in her smile. "And now, Mr. Brown, I want you to help me to settle a little difficulty between that naughty son of mine and this young lady."

"Certainly," said Brown. "It will give me much pleasure to produce a perfect understanding between them."

"Difficulty, madam?" said Miss Wilmot, with affected surprise; "I was not aware that any existed; but," said she, laughing, "I leave my cause in Mr. Brown's hands, and whatever he may decide upon in my behalf, I will ratify. And now I beg that you will allow me to go to papa, for I have a word to say to him."

"No, no; excuse me," said Mrs. Jenks; "you can't go yet."

"But *I* must," said her son, slipping away a few paces, and immediately returning. "Mr. Brown," continued he, "have you seen or heard anything of our friend Williams since his adventure of yesterday?"

"Not a syllable," replied Brown; "but I am curi-

ous to know the result of his chase. Let us make some inquiry."

"Perhaps Mr. Wilmot may have had some intelligence," said Jasper.

"Stay, stay," cried Mrs. Jenks, as they were about to go.

"We shall not be gone long, mother," replied the son, taking Brown by the arm.

"Now I don't like that in Jasper, at all," said Mrs. Jenks to Clara, evidently offended at his desire to get away from her. "Well, let him go; I'll settle it with him to-morrow, the young rogue. Now don't let me detain you any longer, dear, if you want to speak to your papa; only don't take it hard if Jasper will be so foolish. I'll try to cure him of it, depend upon that."

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Wilmot had heard nothing from Williams since the preceding day, but he felt very impatient to receive some tidings of him. He could not but feel apprehensive that the anxiety manifested by the farmer to recover his money, might have brought him into a dangerous encounter with the desperate villains whom we left him pursuing. He had thought of sending a servant to make inquiries about him; but finally determined to go himself in the evening, as soon as he was at liberty, or very early in the morning. While Mr. Wilmot and Brown were conversing on this subject, Clara, who had heard Williams's name mentioned, came up and observed, that on passing the farmer's house that morning, she discovered something singular in his conduct and in that of his wife. Having occasion to speak a word to Mrs. Williams, she stopped at the door, and found her in tears, but unwilling to disclose the source of her trouble. Williams was seated in the back part of the room, with his head resting upon his hands, and evidently suffering much mental anguish. Finding this worthy couple averse to making her acquainted with the cause of their affliction, she left them, promising, whenever called upon, to render them any assistance in her power.

At this moment a servant came in and announced to Brown that Williams was in the piazza, and desired to see him. Brown went out, accompanied by Jasper, and found the poor fellow looking the very picture of despair. He had come over to state the result of his pursuit, and to ask their advice concerning the steps to be taken with a view of recovering his lost treasure.

"Ye haven't told Mr. Wilmot, have you, Mr. Brown?" inquired Williams, eagerly.

"I have," said Brown; "but you have nothing to fear, Williams, and must, therefore, put your mind at rest. How far did you pursue the villains?"

"I'll tell you all about it," replied Williams; "but I'm sorry you told Mr. Wilmot, for now he'll think I'm not fit to be trusted because I gambled; a thing which I declare to you, gentlemen, I never did afore, and, if I ever do again, I hope I may die that very moment. There's nothing good ever comes of that trade, and I deserve a horsewhipping for being so taken in with those infernal rascals. See what trouble, too, I have brought upon poor Mr. Vincent, who broke his scull, they say, when his horse fell under him. Confound it, I wish it had been mine instead of his!"

"Mr. Vincent is not so badly hurt as you suppose," interrupted the lawyer.

"Isn't he, though?" said Williams, much pleased; "and isn't his life in danger?"

"Not at all. He will be out to-morrow. But go on with your story."

"Well, I will, Mr. Jenks; but hadn't we better just slip down by the water, as I don't want anybody should know anything of this, for fear it might get all over the country, and I should be disgraced and laughed at in the bargain."

They walked down the little path that led to the shore, and having seated themselves on a rock shaded by a cluster of cedars, Williams thus proceeded to narrate what took place after he had left the inn in pursuit of the fugitives.

"When I got into the road, the villains must have been a mile ahead, going as if the devil kicked 'em, and I arter 'em as fast as my colt's legs could carry me; and that's none of the slowest, I assure you. She's a peeler, that nag, when you put her to it, and does honour to her blood; for her sire was a racehorse that took the purse on the Union Course, Long Island, last summer. If either on you hears of anybody that wants a piece of flesh that *can* go, I can recommend her as being something nice. Well, that's neither here nor there. So, you see, they went, and I went; they laid on the bud, and so did I; and such an [illegible] dust as we raised along that road ha'n't been seen in some years. So on we kept, they looking behind every now and then, and I looking straight ahead all the time. Arter we had run about, I should reckon, four mile good, they stopped short for about a quarter of a minute on the hill going up to

Squire Bradford's house; and seeing nobody but me coming, they jogged on agin at a slow pace, and, when they got to the next crossroad, turned round to the right. I followed on, and soon came within ten rods of 'em, when I held up and let the colt trot on just about as fast as they went; for I didn't hardly like to come up alongside in such a lonesome place, for fear they might turn upon me; and two to one, you know, is rather too many for anybody. At last they called out, and asked why I was following them, at the same time coming towards me slowly. I told 'em they had cheated me out of my money, and that I shouldn't quit 'em till they had gin it back. Then one told me it was a lie; that they had fairly won the money, and meant to keep it; and that I might be off as soon as I liked. This riled me; and I told 'em, if they didn't give up the money immediately, that I would rouse the hull neighbourhood, and show them whether an honest man was to be cheated out of his money by a couple of highway rascals or not. Arter I had said this, one rode up, took hold of my colt's bridle, and, looking as black as thunder out of the eyes, 'You infernal country booby,' says he, 'how dare you tell gentlemen that they have cheated you? Repeat that, you clodhopper, and I'll break that head of yours into a thousand pieces. What do you mean by cheating, you rascally potato-hoer? Didn't you bet against my throwing sixes twice in succession; which I did, you dirty cow-driver, and won the

money fairly? Rouse the neighbourhood, will you? Attempt it, and I'll stop that mouth of yours with this little machine,' (pulling out a pistol), 'so that you'll never bellow again. Now begone; and if you don't in three minutes turn yonder corner, I'll give you Shank's mare to go home upon instead of that colt. Begone, I say.'

"So the villain went on and abused me like a dog; but when he hinted about taken my colt, I felt wolfish, and let out on him worse than ever. I was then mad, and didn't care for him nor his pistol neither, and I told him plainly jest what I thought on him. If I had had a good stout club, he would have stood his distance, or there's no strength in this arm. He then took hold of the bridle agin, and ordered me to get off, and threatened to shoot me if I didn't obey him. This was a little too much to bear, so I give my colt the bud, and she sprung ahead, dragging him clear of his horse, and forcing him to let go the bridle. The other villain made show to stop me, but I gin him a cut over the face and eyes with my whip, and passed on in a full canter towards the high road. When I got as far as the corner, I stopped to look behind, and saw the scoundrel jest getting on his horse agin, while the other shook his fist at me, and then held out his pistol as if he meant to shoot. Arter they had started, I begun to think what was best to be done, and I pretty soon concluded that I hadn't seen the last of those fellows yet; so I took down Squire Bradford's bars, and followed the road through his woods, so as to cut 'em off in case

they should turn the next corner. When I had come near to the other side of the wood, I got off, tied my colt to a tree behind a thicket, and went slyly to the fence to see if they were coming. Sure enough, there they were, jogging along pretty smartly, but laughing and talking as if there wasn't no danger behind 'em. Thinks I, my boys, you don't get away so easy as you calculate, for I shall just follow and find out where you hide your carcasses this night, and perhaps to-morrow or next day I may pay you a visit. When they had got past, I followed on through the woods as fast as I could, till I got to the end on 'em, and then I was forced to get into a field, and keep hid as well as I could behind the fence; but they only looked twice or three times, and seeing the wood clear, wasn't jealous of anybody's followen them. Arter a while, they turned to the left, and went down an old road that no one hardly ever uses since the new one was made; and I took to the woods agin, keeping about ten rods behind 'em, till the briers and underbrush got so thick that I could hardly move. Then I came out into the road, and, standing behind a large oak tree, watched 'em till they went through a gateway towards the old house that old Mother M'Tavish used to live in before she was found dead in her bed. I was a little jealous from the first that the rascals would fetch up there, as there ain't another place in the hull county calculated to harbour two such villains at one time. Sure enough, they rode up to the old shell of a barn, and having left their horses, went into the house. This was enough for me; so back

I went, and, jumping on my colt, went home and told my wife all that had happened from the time I first saw the fellows on the Harlem road. That's all I have to tell you, gentlemen; and now, if you will have the goodness to advise me what to do, I will thank you; for it's too bad that a poor man like me should be cheated out of money that he worked so hard for; and if there's justice to be had, I ought to be righted. I didn't sleep a wink last night, and I've thought of nothing else all day; and I'm sure, if I don't get back the money that rightfully belongs to Mr. Wilmot, I sha'n't have the courage to look him in the face agin."

When Williams had concluded his narrative, Brown observed, that although it was doubtful whether the men could be found, as it was by no means probable that they resided permanently in the house to which they had been traced, yet his aid might be depended upon in any effort to recover the money and bring the swindlers to justice. Jasper also expressed his willingness to render assistance, but advised that the proper officers of the town should be informed of all the circumstances, that their aid and countenance might be obtained. The attempt on the part of one of the men to take forcible possession of Williams's horse, was a circumstance which clearly subjected them to arrest; and, if this could be effected, he had no doubt that the money might be speedily recovered.

It being determined to make a visit early on the following morning to the quondam residence of

Mother M'Tavish, Jasper wrote a note to an officer, and despatched it by Williams. He appointed six o'clock as the hour of starting on this expedition, and requested the officer to meet them punctually at the head of Mr. Wilmot's lane, bringing with him such assistance as he might deem necessary. For all the particulars concerning the business in hand, he referred him to the bearer of the note, who was the party most interested in the success of the undertaking.

The officer's name was O'Connell—a bold, rough fellow, and as good a thief-catcher as the country afforded. Moreover, he was a personal friend of Williams, and likely, on that account, to make unusual exertions in his favour. This, however, was not needed to secure his best official services, as he had a natural predilection for skirmishes with offenders against the law. Whether he was a relative of the great Irish Agitator of the same name, we are not prepared to say; but there certainly was a resemblance between certain points of their characters, sufficiently strong to warrant the supposition that both descended from common ancestors.

With a heart somewhat relieved of its oppressive load, Williams took the note, sprang upon his colt, and galloped away to the house of his friend O'Connell. The longer he reflected on the prospect before him, the more certain he felt of success in to-morrow's campaign; till, by the time he arrived at the officer's door, his spirits were as much elated as if the money were safe again in the folds of his pocket-book.

CHAPTER XI.

On the following morning early, Brown rose, mounted his horse, and rode leisurely up the lane, the head of which, as we have observed, had been selected as the place of meeting. On the preceding evening, he had communicated his purpose to Mr. Wilmot and Vincent; the latter of whom promised to accompany him, if the state of his health would permit. As soon as he left his room, Brown ascertained from Vincent that continued weakness would prevent his going on an expedition that might require more activity and physical strength than he felt certain of possessing. For the present, we shall leave Brown in the lane, and confine ourselves to the beautiful environs of Mr. Wilmot's residence.

After breakfast, Mr. Wilmot went to New-York, Clara set off on foot to visit a poor neighbour, and Vincent took a book and sauntered along shore, intending to seat himself in the first pleasant spot he should meet with, and to pass an hour or two alone enjoying the cool breeze from the Sound. He had not gone far before his attention was arrested by a man who was digging bait preparatory to a fishing expedition; and as this occupation, so common in the country, was somewhat novel to the city-bred youth, he stopped to examine the proceedings. The small

skiff was drawn upon the beach, and secured by a rope attached to a stone; and in the stern was seated a boy about fourteen years of age, who was occupied in fastening a hook to his line.

"Put that on tight, Charlie," said the fisherman, as Vincent approached him, "for we must get Miss Clara a good bunch of fish to-day, and not have such luck this morning as we had yesterday. The critturs wouldn't bite any more than if we had offered them stones, instead of the best clams in the country; and when that big black-fish did take hold, he carried away the hooks from your line as if they had been stuck on with bee's-wax. That mustn't happen again, Charlie, or you'll do no great credit to me that larnt you how to tie a hook, and use it arter it is tied. Yes," continued the fisherman, striking the hoe into the sand, "I'll have a good mess on 'em this day, and I know it, else there's no fins under that blue water. Going to be a leetle too hot though; wish it would cloud over a little at flood tide; but we must take it as it comes. Hot or no hot, I lay out to do the fair thing this blessed day. Good-morning to you, sir."

"Good-morning," responded Vincent; "I perceive you are about to try your luck on the water to-day. I hope you may be successful."

"Thank you, sir," said the fisherman; "I hope so too; but there's no telling though. It's all chance arter all, for the best of us can't catch a fish, if fish won't bite. Now I'm one of them that don't turn his back on no man where fishing is consarned;

but rot me if I can do anything worth speaking on, unless the fish is hungry. I must have a few to-day, though; for I told the young lady, Miss Clara, that if I didn't bring her a mess by to-night, I ain't a man of my word."

"You are acquainted with that young lady, then?" rejoined Vincent.

"Acquainted with her? Why, bless your dear soul, sir, I wish I had as many dollars as I'm acquainted with Miss Clara Wilmot. She's jest what I call a leetle the charmingist gal there is in this county, and I defy any other county to turn out her match. Yes, yes, I know Clara, you're right. Do you hail from Mr. Wilmot's, sir? Excuse my freedom."

"I have just come from there," replied Vincent.

"Then maybe you know her too," said the fisherman.

"I do," replied Vincent.

"Then you know a nice little crittur," said the fisherman. "And, now I think on't, perhaps you are the gentleman what the horse fell with day afore yesterday."

"I am."

"Aha; well, I'm glad to see you out again. They did say hereabouts that you got pretty badly thumped in that ugly fall; but you ain't much the worse for it, I reckon. Look a little palish, though; but city gentlemen always do. You should come up here sometimes, and take a row with me, and throw out a line. That would tan your face, and give you

the right sort of brown. Speaking of Miss Wilmot, I don't know what I should have done last winter if it hadn't been for that little crittur. My old woman was sick, and I had the rheumatiz so bad that I couldn't walk; and what must she do but come over pretty nigh every day, and bring things, and see that we were all comfortable, and didn't want for nothing. Then, in the spring, she made her father buy me that ere skiff, and give me some other notions; so that we are tolerably forehanded by the cleverness of that little angel. I work on the farm, too; and I do really believe that, if she had her way, she'd make her father hire all the poor men about these parts. There's no poor people around here that don't know Clara Wilmot; and when there's any trouble among 'em, or sickness, or the like of that, they don't need to be told where to come for help. They make tracks as straight as a line down to Clara, and they don't often come for nothing neither, for they always get something, if it ain't more than a loaf of bread. Now I tell you as a fact, that, as much as she has done for me and my old woman in times of need, she never would take any pay, though I wanted to give her something or do something to let her see I warn't ungrateful. She will now and then, to be sure, let me send a bunch of fish, but then she does something right off to balance it. And when I pull her about the river in that pretty boat of her father's, she generally gives me a trifle, or sends a notion to my wife, and thanks me into the bargain,

with the sweetest little smile that ever a woman could put on. Perhaps you never heard of the sail she and I had together once, did you?"

"I never did," said Vincent.

"Well, then, I'll tell you. You see, Clara, as I jest told you, likes a sail sometimes; and when I've nothing else to do, she gets me to pull her out in the stream or along the shore in the arternoon, when it's cool and pleasant. Well, one day we went out and took the mainsail; and, arter rowing about some time (I had this boy along), Clara told me to put up the sail, as a fresh breeze was coming up. It begun to cloud over a little, too, and looked showery. We sailed away some time; all the while the wind growed fresher and fresher, and was a little squally, too, which made me a little skittish about having the sail up while Miss Wilmot was in the boat; but she warn't afeard, and wouldn't let me take it down. So on we went, jumping and splashing through the water like all the world; when, all of a sudden, there comes a squall, knocks us nearly over, and tumbled this young chap into the water. I let go the tiller, and seized him by the hair, and held on; and we should sartainly have gone over if Clara hadn't jumped like lightning, put the helm hard down, and let fly the mainsail. Then the boat luffed and righted, and I pulled in the boy. Now that's what not one man in twenty would have done. There isn't a young fellow in the hull county that can sail a boat or back a horse with that same Miss Clara. Well,

here's a good little lot of bait, and I'll be off. If you want to go out any time, sir, to take a fish or two, I'm always ready. Call at that little house under the bank, and I'll pull you over to Whitestone Point, or up to Execution Rocks, where you are always sure of getting something. Good-morning, sir."

Saying this, the fisherman rowed into the stream, and Vincent, after wandering a little farther along the shore, mounted the bank, where a well-trodden footpath, shaded by cedars, presented itself. Keeping this little avenue, he continued his walk a hundred or more yards, till he came to a rude wooden bench, placed over a little grassy spot upon the verge of the bank, and under the shade of a spreading oak. Here he seated himself, and, after surveying for some time the beauties around him, he took out his volume, which was Tasso's Jerusalem, and began to read. This pleasure, if such he found it, was not, however, of long continuance; for, whether his weakness, combined with the influence of the heat, made him drowsy, or whether that feeling was produced by the harmonious language he perused, we are not prepared to decide; but certain it is, that he had read but a few pages, when he grew slumberous, and at length fell fast asleep with his head resting against the tree.

Scarcely had he forgotten himself, when the book dropped from his hand, and a female voice was heard at a little distance singing in a careless manner a pretty air, at that time very popular, though

now rarely if ever sung by our fair musicians. A few bars of this song were the harbingers of Clara's appearance, who, with that lightness of heart which distinguished her, came tripping along the little path towards home. A large straw bonnet of becoming shape shaded her neck, which hardly needed anything more than the profusion of curls hanging about it, as protection from the sun's rays. On her arm was a small basket, which she had used to convey to her poor protegés some trifle, intended more particularly for a sick person whom she had just visited. Behind her was Mr. Wilmot's fine pointer dog, which possessed so refined a taste that it was doubtful, fond as he was of hunting, whether he did not even prefer the society of Clara to that of his master. He had been known to hesitate between the daughter taking her morning walk, and the father with his gun in hand, ready for the field; although the latter, by dint of hard coaxing, generally secured his attendance.

As soon as she discovered Vincent, her naturally sportive disposition suggested the playing off of some trick upon him; but remembering that he was still an invalid, she concluded to forego that pleasure, and content herself by simply taking away his book. She had gone but a very few steps, when Sport, touching Vincent's hand, awoke him. Clara laughed, held up the volume, and observed, as she returned towards him, "So, Mr. Vincent, my volume of Tasso, that you did me the honour to borrow, was found to be so extremely interest-

ing, that you went to sleep over it, and left it a prey to the first passer by. One would imagine that you had almost forgotten your Italian, and that you find sleeping easier than translating."

"Falling asleep," replied Vincent, "was never a difficult task with me, particularly in the country; and, I may say, it was always quite as easy as to translate. Will you not be seated, Miss Wilmot?"

"You have said," rejoined Clara, sitting down, "that the task of falling asleep was never difficult, particularly in the country. Now I should suppose that a city-bred gentleman, like yourself, would do anything in the country rather than sleep. If I mistake not, you were this morning at the table praising the fine scenery, and expatiating upon the charms of the country; and here I find you enjoying them all with your eyes fast closed."

"The admiration I expressed was certainly not affected, and I plead guilty to the charge of neglecting the beauties you speak of; but I must be allowed to allege, in palliation of the offence, that a slight feeling of weakness has had something to do in producing my drowsiness. But, now that I am wide awake, you will find me ready to admire everything around me, and to say, on the occasion, all that a lover of nature like you can possibly desire to have said in praise of the country."

"Pray do not give yourself any trouble," replied Clara, laughing; "you have already said enough to convince me that you are enthusiastical-

ly fond of the country; but I shall not decide immediately upon the question of your right to a pardon, till another fair trial be allowed you."

"I am willing to be put upon my good behaviour," said Vincent.

"Among all the lessons you have taken," said Clara, with a mischievous leer, "allow me to ask whether you ever took any in the art of riding on horseback."

"I never did," replied Vincent.

"So I should suppose," replied Clara, smiling.

"I don't exactly see on what you ground your supposition," said Vincent, "for you never saw me ride—"

"And, of course, never saw you fall," interrupted Clara.

"Then how can you judge of my horsemanship?" asked Vincent, perceiving the disposition of the young lady to make his accident a subject of raillery.

"By its fruit," replied Clara.

"You allude to my unfortunate tumble?"

"Ay, to be sure; what better proof of good horsemanship can a gentleman have than a broken head?"

"From my fall, then, you infer a deficiency in that accomplishment?"

"Only that you have never taken lessons in the art."

"Which is precisely the same thing. But you

will probably allow that the best riders are liable to be thrown."

"I allow nothing; you must prove it."

"That is not necessary to establish my claim to some skill in horsemanship, since I was unavoidably thrown by the fall of the clumsy animal himself."

"But would a good rider suffer his horse to fall?"

"How can he prevent it? How can he control a horse's feet, and prevent their stumbling?"

"Through the medium of his mouth," replied Clara; "and, if you doubt a rider's ability to do that, accompany me this afternoon, and I will teach you the art of preventing a horse's falling by a proper management of the bit."

"I shall be very happy to receive instruction from you, and do not doubt that you can give me some valuable hints touching the government of a horse, as well as of a boat."

"Certainly; for it is as much the business of us country girls to be excellent riders, as it is of you and Mr. Brown to know how to make out a bill of parcels, or copy a letter. But what did you remark about a boat?"

"I have just heard your seamanship highly extolled, and have been told that there is not a young man in the county who can vie with you in sailing a boat, either before or against the wind. My informant also added, that, in moments of danger, such as when the boat is struck suddenly by a squall, and a boy falls overboard, there is no per-

son who can match you in putting the helm hard down, letting fly the mainsail, and thus saving the lives of all on board."

"Who gave you that information, pray? Ah, I I see; yonder goes Barnes, the fisherman, and I presume you have been holding a colloquy with him this morning. But you should not place the fullest reliance on what he says concerning me; for, as I happen to be a great favourite of his, he should be considered in the light of an interested witness, whose testimony cannot be taken."

"Yet he seems to be an honest fellow, and certainly told me nothing that I was not prepared to believe."

"What could have prepared you to believe that I possess any skill in nautical affairs? It is so entirely out of my *line* (as you merchants say), that it would be as reasonable to suspect you of being a capital horseman, as me of being a good sailor."

"I hope to have the pleasure of seeing a specimen of your skill before my return to the city, and I shall expect to find your reputation for seamanship well merited; better merited than the character as a horseman that you seem determined to fix upon me."

"Oh, I shall very soon give you an opportunity to retrieve that; but I fear you will not succeed. If I am rightly informed, you have spent so much time over your books and at the counting-house desk, that very little, if any, could be devoted to

equestrian exercise. Practice, you know, is necessary to acquire even moderate excellence."

"That being the case, it follows that you have attained to perfection in that accomplishment; for it is said that much of your time is passed in the saddle."

"I wish you were half as good a rider, for then you might go to town without endangering the vertebræ of your neck. If you prefer it, papa's carriage shall convey you home when you desire to go; and I hope that, in the event of your feeling the slightest reluctance to venture again on horseback, you will not hesitate to say so, that we may have the pleasure of sending you to the city in a less hazardous way. I mention this to prevent any unpleasant anticipation on your part, of another serious jeopardy of life and limb; for, otherwise, the gratification derivable from a residence in the country, and the pleasure of frequent slumbers in the open air and under a broiling sun, might be essentially interrupted. Your perusal of the Italian classics, too, would not be enjoyed with such a prospect before you; and I trust, now that I have put your mind at rest on that score, that your happiness here will be without alloy."

"I am certainly much obliged by the friendly interest you manifest in my behalf," said Vincent, much amused by Clara's teasing propensity.

"Come, Sport," said Clara, rising; "I see you are impatient to go, and I will not detain you."

Clara and her dog bounded away, leaving Vincent

to reflect upon his conversation with that beautiful creature who was destined thereafter to occupy so large a share of his thoughts. Hitherto he had not been much accustomed to the society of young ladies, meeting in his narrow circle but very few, and having little or no desire to extend his limited acquaintance. It is not strange, therefore, that Clara, whose personal charms, as we have observed, were of the highest order, and who was, besides, amiable, playful, and affectionate, should have made a decided impression upon the susceptible heart of her young admirer. He sat watching her till she was out of sight, and then continued his walk along the bank of the river.

CHAPTER XII.

When Brown arrived at the head of the lane, he found O'Connell, Lawyer Jenks, and Williams already on the ground. The officer had engaged another person, named Price, to attend them; for he could not sufficiently rely on the most efficient aid from men who, he had reason to believe, had never taken part in a serious fray. He was aware that he was about to deal with reckless and hardened villains, who would probably fight like tigers, and make use of deadly weapons in the event of their being hard pressed by their assailants. He had much experience in that business, and although he was as brave as a lion, and loved expeditions involving great personal danger, yet he was prudent, and generally careful to attack with a force not much inferior to that of the enemy. O'Connell had never seen his friend Williams tried, and, of course, could form no estimate of his courage; but his experience had taught him, that the arresting of a certain class of offenders against law, like war, is a trade to which an apprenticeship must be served, before a man can perform its duties without flinching. He regarded his forces, therefore, in the light of raw militia, who might or might not stand fire; and he deemed it necessary to secure the aid of one on whose steadiness he could depend

Williams was in high spirits, and impatient to be moving. He was mounted on his colt, and carried on his shoulder a huge musket, with which he expected to do great execution. He had with him, hanging at his side, a large powder-horn and shot-bag; and in a belt, concealed by the lapels of his coat, stuck a large carving-knife, which, he thought, might become useful in a close fight. As if he intended to render victory certain, he took care to bring with him an immense dog of the mastiff breed, on which he relied for assistance in the event of his being overpowered in the scuffle. Nor were these all the preparations that he had made, with the prudent foresight of an experienced warrior, who knows the necessity of being provided for any emergency: he had gone that morning to the wood-pile, and cut a club thicker than his arm, on which it now hung dangling at his side by a small rope. It is difficult to divine how Williams expected to use advantageously a musket, knife, and club large enough for Hercules; but we presume he thought it preferable, in an expedition fraught with so much danger, to have too many than too few weapons.

The equipment of the farmer afforded his companions much amusement, and they did not fail to extract a little fun from the belligerant preparations he had made.

"Williams," said the lawyer, in rather a serious tone, "I am extremely happy to find, by your appearance, that you seem to be fully aware of the hazardous nature of our enterprise. You have brought

with you weapons of offence and defence; and I have no doubt that you will be ready to sacrifice your life, if necessary, in this glorious cause. But there is one question, Mr. Williams, which I desire to put, and which I hope you will candidly answer, so that we may get a clear insight into your plan of operations. You have with you, it appears, a valuable musket of a frightful aspect, a powder-horn and shot-pouch, a well-tried dog, a good club, and a fine horse. Now if, after a hard-fought battle, we should find the danger growing imminent, on which of these would you rest your hopes of safety? Tell me now, would you not look upon that horse as your best friend?"

"He has always been a tolerable good friend, there's no denying that, Lawyer; but where we are going now, there's to be no running in the case; and the way I'll use this long tube to-day will be a caution, you may depend."

"But suppose they should surrender without resistance," said O'Connell, laughing aloud; "would you use that long-tom of yours?"

"I don't doubt it," replied Williams; "I must pepper 'em, there's no two ways about that. They ha'n't made me suffer so much for nothing, I tell you; and if I don't put it to 'em about right, then there's no snakes, that's all. Shoot 'em, eh! By the pokers, let me only clap my eye on 'em, and if I don't let daylight shine through 'em in a leetle less than no time, then call me a ninny."

The savage disposition which the farmer mani-

fested, and the peculiar earnestness in his manner of telling what he expected to do, caused much merriment among the rest of the company, and for some minutes they were unable to say anything for laughing. Not a smile, however, appeared on Williams's lips, for he looked upon the whole business as of too serious a nature to be the subject of so much levity. The amusement which his ludicrous conduct afforded was anything but pleasing to him; and he became silent, refusing even to vouchsafe a reply to the numerous questions put to him in good-humoured raillery. He took his musket from his shoulder, and began to play with the lock, knocking the flint and repriming, but saying nothing, except to express his impatience at the delay. An incident soon occurred, which, although it came near being followed by serious consequences, increased the laughter to such a degree, that the witnesses of it could scarcely keep their seats. After the courageous farmer had fixed the lock of the musket to his entire satisfaction, without noticing that he had left it cocked, he raised the weapon in true military style, and, letting it fall upon his shoulder, was nearly frightened out of his senses by its unexpected discharge. His face, which a minute before had expressed much seriousness and determination, suddenly turned as pale as ashes; and his colt, starting at the moment of the explosion, threw him so far on one side, that he lost, for a short time, all command of the animal, and was carried several hundred yards before he could regain the saddle. His hat

flew off, the musket and club dropped by the way, and one of his feet was high in the air, while the other was under the horse's belly; the whole, connected with what had occurred, presenting a scene of the most ludicrous description.

Price having arrived, and all, including Williams, who had reloaded his gun, being ready to depart, they set off, preceded by the belligerant farmer. They approached the house of Mother M'Tavish, apparently without being discovered by the inmates. The doors and all the windows, excepting one small one in the second story, were closed, and there was little or no appearance of the house being inhabited. Not a living creature of any kind was seen about the premises, and it was feared that the prey had escaped. O'Connell knocked several times at the door and lower windows, but no answer was returned; and he then went to the stable, to ascertain whether it contained any horses. The door was fastened, but the stamping within altered his opinion in reference to the villains' being very far distant.

Williams now bethought him of his new bridle, and determined, if possible, to secure that before attempting anything farther. This was no difficult matter, for the boards, nailed over the aperture of what had once been a window, yielded to his blows, and afforded him an easy entrance. Having obtained his bridle, he returned to the little party, whom he found deliberating upon the business in hand, and discussing the plan of attack. There was some difference of opinion in regard to the propriety

of making a forcible entry, inasmuch as they were not furnished by the proper authority with writs of caption. Brown hesitated, but O'Connell and Jenks maintained that they would be justifiable in proceeding *vi et armis* to arrest the scoundrels; particularly as they had good reason to believe that the house was not legally occupied by its infamous tenants. They all knew the proprietor, and were satisfied that he would not let it to persons who were evidently without the power of producing respectable testimony in support of good characters. They concluded, therefore, that this house was but a temporary residence, or hiding-place, of men who had found it convenient to leave the city for a while; and who doubtless embraced every opportunity in the country, as well as in town, to commit their depredations on society.

Having determined upon effecting the arrest at all hazards, O'Connell again thundered at the door with Williams's club, and hallooed as loudly as possible, demanding admission. No reply was received; but, on applying his ear to the keyhole, he distinctly heard voices, and a noise as of persons walking quickly about the lower apartments. Perceiving that it was vain to expect to be let in, they prepared to exercise force. Near the door lay a piece of timber about ten feet in length, which they used with success as a battering-ram against one of the panels. A very few blows sufficed to knock in the square, through the aperture of which O'Connell put his arm, and, finding the key in the lock, turned

it and procured a free passage into the house. The two inmates, having ascertained the number of their assailants, had chosen a position at the head of the first flight of stairs, as the only one which afforded any chance of success against such fearful odds. They were armed with pistols, and by their side, leaning against the wall, were two immense clubs, which they designed to use in the event of their firearms not taking effect.

The moment that O'Connell observed them, he turned and whispered to Price, who immediately ran outside; while the others went to the foot of the stairs, preceded by the officer, Williams bringing up the rear with his musket to his shoulder, ready to be discharged on the first appearance of danger. O'Connell, who was a man of few words, spoke to the stout fellows before him; but, without condescending to mention the offence for which he intended to arrest them, demanded their instant surrender. One of the men told him to go to the devil, and then asked to see their authority for having forcibly entered a private house. To this he added in a resolute tone, that if O'Connell or one of his party advanced a single step, he would shoot him dead on the spot. On hearing this, Williams walked backward four paces, and cast his eyes towards the door, to ascertain, we suppose, whether the way was clear for a retreat.

The moment that the menace was uttered, O'Connell sprang up the stairs, followed by Brown and Jenks, and turned aside the villain's arm at the

instant that the pistol was discharged; thus not only averting the danger, but affording him an opportunity of seizing the gambler in such a manner as to prevent his reaching a club.

The fellow's companion, seeing the advantage gained by O'Connell, put the muzzle of his pistol to the officer's ear; but, fortunately, the cap only exploded, without igniting the powder; and before he could draw another similar weapon from his pocket, a small window behind him was suddenly forced, and Price entered. Each officer had his man, and a determined and violent struggle ensued. The staircase was so narrow, that Brown and Jenks found it almost impossible to render any assistance, and for several minutes the issue seemed extremely doubtful. The gamblers were athletic men, probably accustomed to frays of this kind; and they very soon gave their assailants to understand, that the task of arresting them was not quite so easy as might have been supposed. They encouraged each other from time to time, both feeling tolerably sure of ultimately escaping, if not of gaining a complete victory.

Seeing the officers hard pressed, Brown attempted to gain a footing on the upper step or platform of the stairs; but O'Connell and his man so entirely blocked up the narrow passage, that he was unable to pass them. O'Connell endeavoured to shift his position, so that Brown and Jenks might place themselves in a situation to render the aid which had now become important; but the desperate antagonist, perceiving their object, succeeded in keeping the

officer with his back firmly against the balustrade, thus for a while preventing any accession of available strength to the assailants' party.

Finding it impracticable to effect their purpose in this way, Brown and Jenks ran to the side of the house, climbed the shed, and entered by the window, leaving Williams on the roof, to which he had ventured to follow them, without deeming it quite prudent to go any farther. Brown seized the man with whom O'Connell was engaged, while Jenks proceeded to unloose the grasp which the other had upon Price's throat. In this he was not successful, for he could no more open the gambler's hand than he could force the jaws of a well-screwed vice. He dealt him, however, several blows, which annoyed him considerably, but did not compel him to relax his hold. Price was now beginning to fail, both from the protracted exertion he had made, and the great difficulty of breathing occasioned by the tightness of his opponent's gripe. Another minute would probably have obliged him to yield to the gambler's superior strength and wind; but the mortification of a defeat was spared him by an incident, which resulted in the securing of one man and the escape of the other. O'Connell and his man were more nearly matched, but the difference was evidently in favour of the officer; consequently, the assistance of Brown very soon turned the scale against the gambler, who, in the struggle, lost his footing and balance, and fell down the stairs, dragging O'Connell with him. At the bottom, another fierce strife for the mastery

ensued. The officer, who was uppermost when they struck, but lost that advantage immediately after, finally succeeded in throwing his adversary prostrate upon the floor, where he held him securely by placing both knees upon his breast. At this moment the other fellow, seeing no serious obstacle to his escape, shook off Price (who, to say the truth, was not sorry to get rid of him), ran down stairs and made his escape, followed by Williams's mastiff. Jenks did not care to pursue him alone; Brown was occupied in assisting O'Connell to hold his prisoner; and Price had seen enough of the man to make him unwilling to hazard, single handed, another encounter.

The most unfortunate member of the attacking party was the poor dog. He pursued the fugitive across two fields, all the while endeavouring to seize him by the legs; but the man becoming tired of this, and apprehending that, in getting over the next fence, he might be seriously wounded by the animal's teeth, drew a pistol from his pocket and shot him dead on the spot.

Williams had now returned from his position on the shed, but he did not feel quite safe in coming into the house until he had satisfied himself of the absence of all danger. Then his courage reappeared, and he was for knocking the man on the head, or giving him a sound drubbing instanter.

Jenks and Williams proceeded to search the house, and were successful in finding nearly the whole of the money so unfairly won from the lat-

ter, together with the dice used on that occasion; and which, as had been supposed, were loaded. The farmer was overjoyed at his good fortune; and he leaped, danced, sung, fired his musket, and conducted himself for half an hour like a man beside himself. His feelings towards the prisoner then underwent a sudden change, and he began to plead for his release. To encourage this feeling, the swindler offered a considerable sum of money, to be paid immediately upon the farmer's prevailing upon O'Connell to let him go; but that officer at first objected, and positively refused to do anything so obviously contrary to his duty. In this he was supported by Jenks and Price; but Brown took up the cause of the prisoner, and advocated it so strenuously, that O'Connell at length consented to release the man, upon the payment of a sum sufficient to indemnify himself and Price for their trouble and loss of time, and to repair the damage they had done to the house. The money was promptly furnished from an old chest which stood in the second story, and the fellow was not only set at liberty, but allowed to retain everything he possessed. He was exceedingly grateful to Brown for his generous interference, and took him aside and conversed with him in an under tone for several minutes.

Having concluded this business, the officers and others remounted and returned home. The only drawback to Williams's felicity was the loss of his dog, which, to do him ample justice, was a valuable

animal, especially to a farmer; and his death was sincerely regretted by his simple-hearted master and family. Had he possessed less of courage and more of his owner's discretion, he might have lived to a good old age, instead of being thus cut off, by a violent death, in the flower of his youth.

CHAPTER XIII.

During the time they were at dinner, Clara, Brown, and Vincent conversed upon a variety of subjects, in which the young lady took a leading part; and, as usual, amused herself by exercising her powers of raillery. She was always fond of teasing Brown, and never suffered an opportunity of doing so to pass unimproved. On this occasion, after hearing a detailed narrative of the expedition against the swindlers, she averred that he had not exhibited anything like courage during the fray; and that, in the short conversation he held with the liberated gambler, something had passed between them which he dared not divulge. In vain did Brown endeavour to prove that he had done all that a man in his situation could possibly do; and his declaring that the conversation she referred to, was only a remark or two not worth repeating, had no other effect than to increase the pertinacity with which she maintained her position. Although he was perfectly aware of Miss Wilmot's proneness to extract amusement from every little circumstance with which he was connected, yet, on this occasion, he was somewhat annoyed by her apparently serious ridicule.

"I must confess, Mr. Brown," said Clara, "that I never had a very high opinion of your courage;

but I really thought that, supported by four well-armed men, you would have dared do your share of duty without flinching."

"With a proper deference to your superior judgment, I must still insist upon my having displayed no want of courage, however valueless may have been my services. You are a severe, and, I am afraid, not an impartial judge, Miss Wilmot. Should it ever be my lot to be tried for any crime, I should be sorry to have you on the bench."

"And I sincerely hope that the prosecuting attorney may be more puzzled to prove your guilt, than I should be to prove your cowardice in the late contest."

"I think you would find that to be a more difficult matter than you imagine," replied Brown; "but if you are really of the opinion that I am totally devoid of courage, pray tell me in what particular my conduct evinced that I am a coward."

"I will do so with the greatest pleasure; and I hope to make out my case from your own account of the arrest. You stated, if I mistake not, that there were five of you, all well armed, who went to the house of Mother M'Tavish with a view of capturing two men. Am I right?"

"So far, you are," replied Brown.

"Very well. In going thither, allow me to ask whether you rode before or behind officers O'Connell and Price?"

"Sometimes before them, at other times behind, and frequently between them. But I do not ex-

actly see what that has to do with what you are attempting to show."

"I will tell you. When there is no danger near, you are as likely to take the lead as to lag behind. You have admitted that, in going towards the battle-ground, you were sometimes in the van; but when you came into the presence of the enemy, where do we find you? in the van still? No; otherwise you would have done part of the fighting, instead of leaving it to be done by the brave officers, who, it appears, were near meeting the fate of the honest Hibernian that caught a Tartar."

"But, from the peculiar situation of the enemy, we could not approach them in such a manner as to be of much service to our friends."

"If you had possessed courage, you might have been in those friends' places, and they in yours; in which case, I'll answer for their having found the ways and means to give you efficient support."

"Nevertheless, I contend that we did all that men in our situation could do under the circumstances. The truth is, Clara, we could not get at them easily; and, had you been there, I am sure you would admit that to be true."

"You could not get at them! That's a good one. Pray how did Price manage to get so soon on the ground? It was not half a minute after the first dash was made by O'Connell, before his brother officer jumped through the window *in medias res*. There's Latin for you; but it is doubtful

whether you comprehend it, though you did obtain a sheepskin from old Columbia."

"I entered by the same window," said Brown, "as I believe I informed you."

"True; but *when?* Not in an early stage of the fray, when your assistance was most needed, and when you might have had an opportunity of engaging hand to hand with the adversary. No; you waited, by your own confession, till both the desperadoes were so much occupied with the officers, that there was little or no risk of their doing you any harm. Then, and not till then, you deemed it prudent to get in at the window; and doubtless you bustled about, with the intent to make all the show and noise you could, with little or no personal hazard."

"You will not say that I remained idle after gaining the platform."

"Perhaps not entirely idle," replied Clara; "yet, unless I am greatly mistaken, it was subsequently to the time in which Price was so severely handled by his powerful opponent, in the very presence of two very brave men, Messieurs Brown and Jenks, to say nothing of the athletic farmer, who alone might have ended the contest, had he dared to administer one hard blow."

"I was occupied with O'Connell's man," said Brown; "Mr. Jenks, who assisted Price, must account for that officer's severe handling."

"Ay, and he will probably say that you are responsible for having allowed the other swindler to drag

O'Connell down with him heels over head, thereby putting the vertebræ of that gentleman's neck in great jeopardy. That fall being, as I understand, the result of your mismanagement, you should be accountable for all its consequences. One of the men succeeded in escaping, without let or hinderance, you having most obligingly opened a clear passage for him, by throwing one of your friends, sans ceremonie, down stairs."

"Yet you have not made out a case of cowardice," said Brown, smiling, but evidently piqued at Clara's continued raillery.

"You are an interested party," said Miss Wilmot; "and are, therefore, much prejudiced in favour of your own cause. I am sure that any intelligent jury in America would, after hearing your own evidence, pronounce you guilty without leaving their seats, as the newspapers say. Were you a knight, this day's work ought to have cost you your spurs."

"Let me, then, be considered a disgraced man," said Brown, assuming a tone of cheerfulness; "and now, if it please your ladyship, we will drop this subject, and hear your proposition in reference to the afternoon's amusement; for I take it as granted, that, whether we ride or sail, we shall have the pleasure of your company. If I might be allowed to hint at my preference before learning yours, I should say that, as the wind and weather are propitious, an aquatic excursion would afford me the greater pleasure."

"I have already made an engagement with Mr.

Vincent to take a ride on horseback," said Clara; "and I am to give him instruction in the noble art of managing a horse. I have charged him with a want of skill in that exercise, and this afternoon he will undertake to prove that my opinion of his horsemanship is erroneous. My choice is to ride; yet, as you, cousin, prefer sailing, the matter shall be decided by lot; no, on second thoughts, I will tax your intellectual powers a little, and this shall be to Mr. Vincent a penance for the sin of falling asleep this morning, with a volume of Tasso in his hand, and as fine a scene before him as an enthusiastic lover of nature could desire to look upon. You shall, both of you, translate a sonetto of Petrarca, and a fine apostrophe to Italy by Filicaja, running thus:

"Italia! Italia! O tu a cui feo la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, onde hai
Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,
Che in fronte scritti, per gran doglia porte;
Deh, fossi tu men bella, o almen piu forte," &c.

The sonetto shall be the eighty-eighth, commencing with

"La donna che 'l mio cor nel viso porta;"

and he that, within the next hour, shall make the better translations (I being the judge thereof), shall have the privilege of choosing our afternoon's employment. This, be it remembered, is to be done without the assistance of grammar or dictionary; and if you should both fail to put this Italian into respectable English, the choice between sailing and riding shall be mine. I must now leave you for a short

time to write a letter, promising to return exactly one hour hence, when I shall expect to find your tasks completed."

Brown immediately objected to undertaking a translation, under the plea that he never knew but little of the Italian language, and that little he had nearly forgotten. He desired that riding should be decided upon, so that he might escape the intellectual labour assigned to him; but Clara would not listen to this, insisting upon his making an effort to establish his right to a choice; and threatening, in case of refusal, to dispense with his attendance for the remainder of the day. After saying this, she withdrew, leaving to Brown the alternatives of exercising his talents, or foregoing the pleasure of her society. He cursed Petrarca, and wished Filicaja to the devil, with all other writers of that lingo; but he determined to do something, rather than suffer the hard penalty she had attached to a non-compliance with her wish.

Having procured pen, ink, and paper, he set to work, and in the course of half an hour his translation was as complete as he could make it without the assistance of a dictionary. He had forgotten the meaning of the word *guai*, and was not sure he remembered that of *sfavillár*, which occurs in the eleventh line of the sonnet. As he had been forbidden the use of a lexicon by the little tyrant, and was in too bad a humour to ask Vincent for aid, he left the former word untranslated, and gave what he supposed to be the meaning of the latter. Vin-

cent finished his task at the same time, and was about to make some corrections and alterations, when, discovering that Brown had thrown down his pen and taken up a book, he concluded to let his work go to judgment in the state it then was.

At the appointed time Clara returned, and the manuscripts were handed to her by Brown. Without knowing to whom they respectively belonged, she read them attentively, and pronounced that of Vincent to be superior in all respects to the other; admitting that both were much better than she had reason to expect from youths whom she thought to find more conversant with the prices of cotton and tobacco, than with the beauties of the Italian tongue.

It was not difficult to perceive that Brown was nettled by this decision. He did not care whether his translation was better or worse than Vincent's; but he assumed that it was at least as good, and suspected, therefore, that Clara, knowing (as he supposed) his handwriting, had not been governed entirely by the merits of the pieces.

Clara, it is true, was not unacquainted with Brown's writing; but it is equally true that Vincent wrote so much like him, that, on this occasion, she could not decide which had been written by the former, and which by the latter. She saw that Brown was displeased, and observed, after declaring that she did not at first know his writing from the other, that, admitting the two pieces to be equal in merit, she must have decided in favour of Vincent's, because his was complete, and Brown's was not.

"But we will not multiply words unnecessarily," said Miss Wilmot; "for, whether we ride or sail, it is time we were preparing to go. What say you, good victor, shall we saddle our horses or spread our sails?"

"I would thank you to answer that question," replied Vincent; "for, to say the truth, it is quite immaterial to me which we do, as, in either case, we shall have the pleasure of your company."

This remark caught the ear of Brown, who was at that moment looking out of the window, and he turned quickly round, throwing a glance full of meaning at Vincent, but said nothing.

"I shall not oblige you so far as to decide the matter," rejoined Clara; "you have laboured hard for the right of choosing between my proposition and that of the gentleman whose attention has been so suddenly attracted by some new feature in the landscape; and choose you must, or we stay at home. I have said that I preferred riding, but it was only that I might have an opportunity of giving you the promised lesson in horsemanship. You will therefore please to decide without reference to me."

"Then," said Vincent, "if it be agreeable to Mr. Brown and Mr. Jenks" (who at that moment entered), "we will make an excursion on the water."

CHAPTER XIV.

The party being ready, they walked down to the shore, where Barnes was waiting in the boat to receive them. The sail was run up, and in a few moments the voyage commenced under favourable auspices. There was enough of wind to carry them briskly along, but not to raise the waves so high as to produce an unpleasant rocking of the boat. Old Barnes, to whose skill the management of the craft was committed, sat in the stern holding the tiller; while his son, who always accompanied him in such expeditions, was near the bow, watching the course of the vessel, and occasionally volunteering a little advice to his father concerning the propriety of luffing or bearing away.

These remarks of Charlie's were generally taken in good part by the old fisherman, especially when they appeared to accord with his own infallible judgment; in which case, he seemed pleased with the knowledge displayed by his son. But it not unfrequently happened, that Charlie ventured to give advice which the old man deemed it unsafe to follow; when the latter would reprimand him severely for presuming to recommend something (perhaps quite unimportant), which, considering the excellent opportunities he had had, he ought to know might

endanger the lives of all on board. Charlie never failed to vindicate his opinion, and often retorted in terms which a stranger would consider highly disrespectful; but which those acquainted with the strong attachment subsisting between this worthy couple, and their daily habit of indulging in these sharp encounters upon nautical subjects, regarded only as a freedom of speech involving no want of proper respect. This talking was carried on by Barnes and his hopeful son in a tone of voice sufficiently loud to interrupt the conversation of those who sat between them; and it was, for a while, a source of amusement to their auditors, to see with how much earnestness each maintained his own opinion, by arguments which he thought to be conclusive. Charlie evidently imagined that he knew infinitely more than his father, and even hinted that the old gentleman lacked courage in a brisk wind; while the latter averred that the former was a rash, inexperienced boy, who ought to know much more than he did, and who would one day disgrace his father by some unheard-of manœuvre with a boat. Occasionally, as we have observed, the boy would issue an order, which old Barnes promptly obeyed: he was then sure to be commended for his skill and judgment in matters of which, a moment previous, he had been accused of knowing nothing. Thus was poor Charlie alternately condemned and praised, till, growing weary of the dispute, he stretched himself on the forward deck and became silent, allowing the old man to take his own course, and to talk on as long as he pleased.

"What luck have you had to-day, Mr. Barnes?" asked Vincent.

"The worst in the world," replied the old man; "for you might hold in the palm of your hand all the fish I've caught this blessed day. The devil feeds 'em, I believe, or keeps 'em for his own eating; for not a mother's son has so much as nibbled at my bait, though it was as good as ever was put on a hook. Somehow or other, this fishing is getting to be a bad business. Now I remember the time, and tain't many years ago neither, when I could go to Whitestone Pint, or to any other fishing-grounds about these parts, and, if the tide suited, I could ketch as many fish in half an hour as would last me to live on a hull week—"

"Good gracious, father!" interrupted Charlie, laughing: "that must a been before my time, and I know it; for I'll be whipt if there's been any fishing in my day like that you're telling on. Ha, ha, ha! that's a good one; I like that."

"Hold your tongue, you devil's imp," cried old Barnes, "or I'll throw you overboard. What do you know about the fishing we used to have, you young water-rat? I tell you I've caught more fish in one month at Whitestone Pint, than ever you'll see, if you live to be as old as Methuselah, that Scripture gives account on. But you warn't thought about then."

"Well, didn't I say, dad, that it must a been afore my time; for I'm sartin there ha'n't been nothing like that since this child come. Ha, ha, ha!

it takes you to tell big stories. Don't let her go about, father; what the deuse ails you? you'd had us all to the bottom in a jiffey, like as not. You mustn't talk to me now 'bout not knowing how to manage a boat; for, by the pokers, I could sail her up and down the Sound a week, and wouldn't come as nigh oversetting her as you did just now."

"And whose fault was that, you young brat?" said Barnes, much irritated by the language of his son, and not a little mortified that he had allowed Charlie to call his attention so completely from his duty, that the boat unexpectedly luffed, and for a moment placed the party, who were all on one side, in some danger of an overturn. "Your confounded prattle bothered me so that I didn't see how she was going; and if we had, by chance, been knocked over by a squall, 'twould have been your fault, and not mine. By the powers, you deserve a flogging for your rascally talk, and I ain't sure but I'll peel you yet; for you know better, you sartainly do. Now keep that tongue of yours quiet till we get ashore; and if I hear you say another word this arternoon, I'll pay you for it to-night the worst way, you may depend."

"Don't trouble yourself about me," replied Charlie, in a good-humoured tone, "for I'll be as still as a clam. I'll just look with all the eyes I've got, and say nothing; so now you may go on with your fish-story for all me; and if you don't give us enough before you've done, then there's no snakes in Virginny. But, afore I begin to be dumb, I

must tell you there's a steamboat coming behind us, and, if you don't bear away pretty soon, she'll be down upon us. Now, then, the way I'll stop talking is a caution."

While this controversy between the old and the young fisherman was in progress, nothing of consequence was said by any of the party, till Clara, who, like the others, was somewhat amused by this bickering, hinted to Barnes that he had better postpone further conversation till the end of the voyage, when he and Charlie might settle the matter in dispute as they best could. The old man, of course, complied with her wish, and begged pardon for having talked too much; assigning as a reason, that he could not restrain himself when Charlie took it into his head to tease him.

They now bore away towards the Long Island shore, where it was proposed to land, by way of giving variety to the excursion. No objection being made to this, Barnes was directed to approach the beach at such place as would allow of their quitting the boat without stepping into the water. He accordingly made for a point of land around which were numerous large rocks, left partly bare by the receding tide; a spot that promised to afford easier access to the shore than any other within several miles. Near to the point were two or three men engaged in drawing a seine; an operation that was new to Clara, although she had lived so long on the margin of the river, and in the vicinity of old Barnes, one of the best fishermen that

ever threw a line. None of the party, indeed, excepting Brown, was acquainted with this wholesale method of catching fish; consequently they looked with considerable interest to the issue of the present haul. The landing was effected without inconvenience, and they all seated themselves on a large smooth rock, Clara in the midst of them, and Charlie at her feet, explaining the mysteries of seine-drawing, and occasionally criticising the performance of those who were pulling lustily at the net. In a few minutes the fishermen's task was completed, and several hundred fish rewarded their labours. The sight of so many of the finny tribe secured by one operation, excited the wonder of our little party, that this method is not always pursued in preference to the slower and more uncertain one of the hook and line. Charlie, however, deeming himself to be *au fait* in all piscatory and aquatic affairs, undertook to account for the more frequent use of the line; and if his explanation was not entirely satisfactory to all that heard it, it certainly was to one individual, and that one was himself. His chief argument was, that the sport in fishing with a line was greater than that with a net; and he maintained, that one fish caught with a hook, was worth a dozen enclosed in a seine.

Their curiosity in reference to this matter being satisfied, the party strolled leisurely along the shore; Jenks amusing himself by jerking stones into the river, Vincent listening to Clara, and Brown walking apart from the others, enjoying his own

reflections, and saying but little to anybody. He had scarcely spoken a word since leaving home; and though Clara did her utmost to draw him into conversation, he remained sullen and taciturn, answering questions addressed to him, but making few remarks voluntarily. This disposition, in some degree, affected the spirits of the others, and even Clara was less sprightly than ordinary, though the ill-humour of Brown generally gave her no uneasiness. She endeavoured to work a change in his feelings by again making him the subject of her raillery; but she only succeeded in causing a smile to soften the moroseness of his expression; when, finding her efforts fruitless, she abandoned him, and entered into conversation with Vincent. They had not proceeded far, when Charlie's voice was heard calling upon them to stop till he could deliver a message from Barnes, who had been left in care of the boat. The youngster, out of breath, came running at the top of his speed, and said that his father wished them to come back immediately, as the wind was increasing so fast that it would be unsafe to delay their return homeward. The experienced eye of the old fisherman had detected symptoms of one of those sudden and violent gusts which sometimes occur in very warm weather, and he was desirous to set sail while there was yet time to arrive home before the storm commenced.

Our little party hastened back to the boat, which was all ready to depart the moment its freight was

on board; but, as the wind had now very much increased, it became doubtful whether the danger of crossing the wide stream was not too great to warrant the attempt. A few moments only could be allowed to discuss this point. Barnes was evidently much perplexed to know what was best to be done, as he could not but perceive that it was highly probable the storm would break upon them before they could attain the main shore; yet, as the tide was favourable, and the great body of black clouds was passing to the south, he hoped the strength of the gust would not reach them, and expressed his willingness to go if the others thought it proper. Had he been alone, he would not have hesitated an instant what to do; but, with such a cargo to ferry over the water, he disliked to advise any course involving the slightest personal hazard.

Brown and Jenks confessed themselves unable to judge of the propriety of attempting the passage; and Vincent, though without fears in his own behalf, was in favour of seeking a shelter till the storm should have subsided. Clara insisted upon going. She scouted the idea of danger; and, as soon as she perceived that the others hesitated more on her account than their own, she sprang into the boat, and commanded Barnes to take his station at the helm. The old fisherman obeyed, but requested the party to take notice that it was contrary to his advice, so that, in case of accident, no blame should rest upon him. Miss Wilmot laughed, and observed to Barnes that such had

not been his advice while they were on shore; but that, nevertheless, in the event of any unpleasant occurrence, he should be free from responsibility.

While they dashed at a most rapid rate through the foaming waters, the only person of the party who exhibited any signs of fright was Brown. He became restless and uneasy; now looking at the clouds, that seemed ready to let down their contents in overwhelming torrents, and now casting his eyes around upon the rolling waves, over which the little bark rode as gracefully as a swan. He said nothing implying the existence of fear; but his pale cheek, and the perspiration that stood in large drops upon his brow, showed plainly the deep anxiety he felt for his safety. Clara perceived his agitation, and endeavoured to divert his mind from the contemplation of their common danger; but she was unsuccessful in her effort to allay his fears. She then tried the effect of raillery; laughed at him for what she called his groundless apprehensions, and advised him to trust implicitly in the skill of their experienced Palinurus. All her talk, however, was in vain; and the event proved that Brown had a truer sense of their danger than any other on board, excepting, perhaps, the weather-beaten helmsman, who had too good a command over his feelings, to permit their observing his deep concern for the issue of their perilous voyage. The fisherman's brow once or twice evinced to them that he was not quite at ease; and when about half way over, he looked back,

apparently weighing the question of returning in preference to advancing.

In a few moments the wind increased violently, and the rain descended in such torrents that the view of the shore was entirely obscured. In this emergency, Barnes ordered his son to let go the halliards, which was immediately done, and the boat continued her course with considerable velocity. The storm was now at its height; but as there was no sail on the little vessel, all having been successfully taken in and secured, the danger was rendered much less imminent than it was while their canvass was spread. One or two large waves broke over the bow, and considerable water was shipped, which had the effect to create very serious apprehension of being whelmed.

While they were in this situation, a large vessel, with all her sails standing, suddenly made her appearance; and had she maintained the precise course she was pursuing when first discovered, the fate of our little bark must have been instantly sealed. But, fortunately (whether it was the result of accident or of design, we cannot determine), a slight change in her direction carried her about twenty yards astern of the smaller craft, and she then disappeared in the dense mist. This very narrow escape naturally excited apprehensions that their little boat might come in collision with some other passing vessel; an occurrence much to be dreaded, since it could hardly fail to prove fatal to all on board. Several large sloops shot rapidly

past them; and they had also a glimpse of a boat turned bottom upward, with three men clinging to it; a circumstance by no means calculated to allay their increasing fears.

After intense mental suffering of about ten minutes' duration, our little party had the satisfaction to perceive that the storm was fast abating. The first sight of the land showed how far they had drifted from the true course; and when the wind had lulled sufficiently to admit of the sails being again hoisted, Barnes put a little canvass up and stood for home. Before they arrived at the landing-place it had ceased to rain, the wind had fallen to a gentle breeze, and the surface of the river had again become comparatively smooth. Miss Wilmot discovered her father (who had just returned from town) standing on their little wharf ready to receive her, and she waved her drenched handkerchief in token of her safety.

Mr. Wilmot caught a rope thrown to him by Charlie, and secured the boat; and he was in the act of descending the stairs to aid his daughter, when the young lady, in attempting to step from the boat without assistance, and before the gentlemen were aware of her design, slipped, and fell backward into the water. Mr. Wilmot's presence of mind instantly abandoned him; and he stood horror-struck, watching his daughter floating away with the tide. Jenks attempted to seize an oar, while Brown tugged at the rope which had already been appropriated to fasten the boat; and

both, in their extreme hurry, interfered so much with each other, that neither succeeded in doing anything in time to be of service to Clara. Old Barnes himself, who, at the moment of the accident, was so much occupied that he did not know what had happened till Clara was some distance from the boat, was frightened to such a degree that he stood perfectly still, and made no effort of any kind to render her assistance. Vincent, on the contrary, though much alarmed at the first instant, lost no time in throwing off his hat, coat, and shoes, and plunging into the stream. He was an excellent swimmer, having at an early age learned to sustain himself in the water, and he had been noted among his companions for his superiority in this useful art. On two previous occasions he had saved as many individuals from drowning; and, although he was still weak from the effects of his fall, he undertook Clara's rescue with much confidence of success. He buffeted the waves with spirit, and strained every nerve to overtake her before she should sink. Her dress had at first prevented her from going down; but it was evident to those who, with the most intense anxiety, were watching her as she was swept away, that she would float but a few seconds longer, as little more than her head now remained above water.

Vincent, notwithstanding the free use of his limbs was much impeded by the resistance of his clothes, came within reach of her before she entirely disappeared; and, seizing her by the arms,

he raised her sufficiently to admit of her breathing freely, and, at the same time, called lustily for assistance.

Barnes had already started with the boat in pursuit of them, and was hallooing at the top of his cracked voice, by way of encouraging Vincent to hold out till he could come to them. The latter, perceiving that the current was carrying them away, made a vigorous effort to swim with Clara a few yards towards the shore, so that the tide might sweep them against a point of land which jutted into the river. In this he was completely successful; for the water in the immediate vicinity of the point being shoal, he soon touched bottom, and, with the assistance of Barnes, carried his precious charge to the beach, whence the old fisherman conveyed her home in his arms.

CHAPTER XV.

No serious inconvenience resulted from Clara's immersion; and, in the course of an hour, she made her appearance in the drawing-room, amusing those around her with the liveliness of her conversation, as if nothing alarming had occurred.

From the commencement of the storm Mr. Wilmot and his lady had suffered the most intense anxiety on account of the party. The gentleman took his telescope to the roof of his house, which afforded a prospect of the river and Sound many miles in extent, and remained there till he had distinctly seen his boat leave the opposite shore; when, much alarmed for the safety of those on board, he hastened to the wharf to await their arrival. There he stood, with his glass in hand, during the continuance of the wind and rain, highly incensed against Barnes for his rashness in attempting the passage with such a blow in prospect, and almost without the hope of the boat's living through so tremendous a gust. For a while he was almost beside himself; and, had there been a skiff near him, he would have ventured out in quest of his daughter, whom he regarded as already a prey of the angry billows. But when the rain had so much abated as to allow a survey of the river, he was almost afraid to raise the telescope to his eyes, lest

his worst fears should be confirmed. He had the extreme satisfaction, however, to discover the boat, with all sail set, standing towards the wharf, and a more deliberate observation made it certain that no serious accident had happened.

The parents of Miss Wilmot, of course, felt warmly grateful to the preserver of their daughter; and from the moment she was brought home, their manners towards him manifested their conviction, that, but for his successful efforts, Clara would have been numbered with the dead. The conduct of that young lady, however, underwent no visible change, and she continued to converse with all in her usual strain, apparently setting as little value on the important service rendered by Vincent, as if he had only prevented her wetting a foot in a kennel. Vincent was naturally somewhat surprised at this, and still more at her failing to embrace the first opportunity to thank him for preserving her life. He could not persuade himself that she was incapable of appreciating a deed which ought to have inspired her with the deepest gratitude; yet he thought it very strange that no trace of such feeling could be detected in her manner towards him. He watched her closely, with a view of discovering, if possible, something in her conduct which might be construed into a slight expression of her thanks for having snatched her, as it were, from the very jaws of death; but he looked in vain for anything tending to show that she even remembered what had so recently occurred. He was hurt at the extraordinary apathy

exhibited by her, notwithstanding his conviction that she was studiously concealing her real feelings from the closest observation. He noticed that she avoided the subject entirely, and that once, when it was alluded to by the lawyer, the smile for a moment left her lips, and she became silent and thoughtful.

In proportion to the pleasure experienced by Vincent in having been the fortunate instrument of Clara's preservation, was the trouble of his companion Brown, who, fearing that she was already partial to Vincent, dreaded the advantage which the rescue was likely to confer upon his rival. We say rival, for so Vincent was now considered by Brown, although the former, by no word or act, had manifested anything more than the admiration with which almost everybody, young and old, was inspired by the beauty and charming manners of Miss Wilmot.

On the following morning Vincent found himself so unwell that he did not come down to breakfast. The exposure of the preceding day had given him a cold, and a fever succeeded which rendered it advisable to take the advice of a physician. Brown, accompanied by Mr. Wilmot, went into Vincent's room; and while they were there, Mr. Wilmot observed, that, when in New-York, he had written to Mr. Aubrey, and had called in —— street to see Tyrrel and his daughter. He found the house entirely deserted, and no traces of its late occupants could be discovered. Where they were no person in the neighbourhood could tell, and he was obliged to abandon the inquiry without having obtained the

slightest information concerning them. He had seen the physician whom Vincent had employed to visit Tyrrel, and from him he learned that, after the second visit, Tyrrel, with his daughter and Judith, suddenly disappeared, leaving no clew by which it could be ascertained whither they had gone. The physician considered it very doubtful whether Tyrrel could survive his wounds, except with skilful medical treatment and the best of nursing; and his leaving under such circumstances was the more extraordinary, since he was aware that his necessities, if he remained, would be well provided for.

Mr. Wilmot expressed his intention of continuing the search, and, if unsuccessful, of advertising for information; and he stated that, although it was probable that Anderson had perished in the Hudson, he had deemed it proper to cause a notice to be inserted in two of the daily prints, requesting him to call at the counting-room, "where he might hear of something to his advantage."

Soon after breakfast, Mrs. Jenks, accompanied by her son and daughter, called at Beechwood, as she observed, "just to see how dear Clara found herself after the narrow escape and thorough drenching of the previous afternoon."

"Do you know, Clara," said she, "that when the lawyer here told me how you were soused in the river, and how near you were of being drowned, it frightened me so prodigiously that I couldn't sleep all night. It's true that I hardly closed my eyes before three o'clock, and even then I had only a sort

of cat sleeep. I says to myself every time I woke up, now says I, suppose poor Clara, the dear creature, had gone down before Vincent caught her, and she had been drowned, what a most dreadful thing that would have been! If you had been my own daughter, I'm sure I could not have been more worried to think of it, and I shall always call Mr. Vincent a prince for saving you. Oh! how I wish it had been my son that rescued you, for I'm sure he had the best right to do it; but, then, if he had jumped in after you, he might have been drowned himself, for I don't believe the boy knows how to swim any more than a chicken. But if he hadn't the pleasure to draw you out of the water, there's nobody that rejoices more in your escape than he does; and you may depend upon it, Clara, dear, that in less than a week he'll write a pretty piece of poetry on it, and I'll make him let you see it, I promise you. I remember how delighted you were when I showed you the poetry he made on you, and—"

"I hope Mr. Jenks will select a more worthy subject," said Clara, interrupting her; "and since you have been so kind as to lie awake on my account, I hope you will not fail to indemnify yourself to-day for the sleep you were deprived of last night."

"Oh, I'll take care of that, you may depend; but, speaking of the lawyer's poetry—"

"Too much, I am afraid, has already been said about that, mother," interrupted Jasper, in a respect-

ful tone, though he was much displeased; "and if there is anything I sincerely regret, it is that I ever attempted to write a single line of poetry. The crude lines which my mother exhibited to you, Miss Wilmot, were my first effort, and I vow they shall be my last."

"Why, how ridiculous the foolish boy talks! He writes pretty verses on a pretty young lady, and, because I show them to her, he gets angry, and declares he'll write no more! Isn't it foolish, dear? But, Clara, you mustn't mind him, for he's a queer stick, and I'm sure he thinks all the world of you, and would tell you so if he dared."

At this moment Mrs. Wilmot entered the room, and Clara availed herself of this opportunity to escape from Mrs. Jenks, leaving the lawyer much mortified at what had been said by his mother. He soon became impatient to go, and more than once reminded his mother of an engagement which made it necessary for him to shorten the visit. But Mrs. Jenks was in no hurry, nor would she believe that Jasper had any business in hand which might not easily be postponed.

"I have just been telling Clara," said she, addressing herself to Mrs. Wilmot, "how sorry I am that my son here was not so fortunate as Mr. Vincent. I would have given all my old hats and shoes if he had pulled her out, and—"

"I am sorry to interrupt you, mother," said the lawyer; "but, really, it is quite time that I should be going."

"Nonsense, boy, I'll go in a few minutes. Don't be so fidgety. Now Clara's out of the room, your visit's ended. My dear Mrs. Wilmot, you can't think how much Jasper thinks of that sweet daughter of yours, and how proud he is that folks say he looks enough like her to be her brother. Did the little angel tell you of some poetry that he wrote about her, and which I found stowed away in his drawer?"

"She never did," replied Mrs. Wilmot.

"Well, then, I'll tell you all about it. Why, how now? where's the boy going? Here, Jasper, if you must go, I'm ready. Good-by, Mrs. Wilmot; in a day or two, perhaps to-morrow, I'll finish my story. Tell Clara from me, that, when she next falls into the river, not to let any person but the lawyer drag her on shore."

"Thank Heaven for this deliverance!" said Mrs. Wilmot, after Mrs. Jenks had departed.

Mr. Wilmot was dressed in his shooting jacket, ready to make a few turns in the woods in pursuit of his favourite game, woodcock. His two pointers were already loose and impatient for the hunt. He had invited Brown to accompany him; but the latter, though fond of the sport, and ever ready to accept an invitation from Mr. Wilmot, excused himself, much to his uncle's surprise, alleging that he did not feel in the vein. Mr. Wilmot, therefore, went to the fields without a companion.

Brown, finding himself alone, took his cap and cane, and strolled along the margin of the river.

His declining to accompany his uncle, and the thoughtful silence he had maintained during the morning, showed that he was not quite so happy as he was wont to be, while residing under the same roof with Clara, to whom he was ardently attached. We have seen, from his recent conversation with his fellow-clerk, that he intended to abandon the counting-room; and as he designed shortly to announce his determination to Mr. Wilmot, he could not but feel uneasy about the reception that such a course, on his part, would meet from his uncle. He was extremely fearful of doing anything calculated to offend him, or to interfere materially with his views concerning the hand of Miss Wilmot. He well knew that his uncle would not consent to his quitting the counting-house, unless with the intention of substituting some other kind of business that would keep him actively employed; and he was aware, too, that to persist, in opposition to that gentleman's wishes, would put it completely out of his power to accomplish his purpose in regard to Clara. Between his determination to obtain freedom (as he termed it), and his desire to remain on good terms with Mr. Wilmot, he was much perplexed to know precisely how to act.

But there was another and more powerful cause of Brown's present ill-humour, and that was his strong apprehension, if not conviction, of an incipient attachment existing between Clara and his friend Vincent. Hitherto he had regarded that young lady as his own, and had never dreamed that anything

might occur to prevent the acceptance of his hand whenever he chose to offer it. He had flattered himself, too, that she was attached to him, and that, as her parents could not object to so advantageous a match, it rested solely with him to say when an engagement should be made. It was not, therefore, till Vincent came, that he entertained any fears of a rival; and, from the moment that he first suspected any partiality for Vincent on the part of Clara, he tormented himself day and night with the reflection that, if she was not entirely lost to him, success in his suit was exceedingly doubtful.

In no enviable state of mind, Brown strolled along a shady path till he came to a little seat, the same on which Miss Wilmot found Vincent asleep. After sitting there about a quarter of an hour, Clara, who was on one of her benevolent errands, made her appearance. Brown had determined to embrace an early opportunity of making known his feelings to her; but now, when a chance of doing so presented itself unexpectedly, he hesitated, as the subject was one on which he had never ventured to speak. Before he had fully resolved what to do, Miss Wilmot was standing by his side.

"Will you not be seated, Miss Wilmot?" asked Brown.

"No, thank you; I cannot stay a moment; my patient in yonder house must be attended to. But I did not expect to meet you here, as I thought you had gone to hunt with papa. I'm sure I heard him invite you, and this is certainly the first time you

ever declined an invitation of that sort coming from him."

"It may be," said Brown; "but I never felt less like traversing the woods than I do now."

"I hope you are not unwell," observed Clara.

"Perfectly well," responded Brown, boring the earth with the point of his cane.

"May I venture, then, to ask, whence proceeds your disinclination to pursue your favourite sport?"

"Because my mind is not quite at ease," replied Brown; "I have resolved—but why should I trouble you with a matter having reference only to myself, in whom it cannot be supposed that you feel the slightest interest?"

"Will you be pleased," said Clara, "to state your reasons for supposing that I do not feel interested in whatever concerns a favourite cousin?"

"I think you have never manifested any; but let that pass. I have resolved, Miss Wilmot—"

"Miss Wilmot! Why not Clara, as usual? We are not yet become strangers, I hope. But let me hear, if you please, what it is you have resolved upon, that seems to give you so much uneasiness."

"I have determined, Clara, to quit the counting-house of your father."

"Is that all, pray? I was afraid that serious visage of yours was the harbinger of something far more terrible."

"It is, to be sure," said Brown, "a slight matter in itself; but I am apprehensive it is a step that will excite Mr. Wilmot's serious displeasure, especially

as I mean to engage in no other kind of employment, as a business, or occupation. I had rather make any sacrifice than offend him to whom I am under so many obligations; and the certainty that he will disapprove my leaving the office, gives me some disquiet."

"I am no judge, perhaps," said Clara, "of the propriety of this step, and for that reason I ought not to give an opinion. Had my advice been asked, however, I should have counselled you to abandon your present intention. May I inquire whether anything has occurred to render you dissatisfied with the employment?"

"Nothing. I am weary of business: that is my only reason."

"Have you duly reflected upon the advantages you will sacrifice by leaving my father's house?"

"I have counted the cost."

"If I mistake not, it is my father's intention to take you in, before long, as junior partner."

"I am aware of that; but my fortune is already ample, and I have no desire for more, especially as it can be acquired only by devoting the best years of my life to the drudgery of mercantile affairs. My mind is now made up, and cannot be altered."

"If that be the case, to say more would be useless; yet I cannot refrain from expressing the hope that you will take time to reconsider this subject before announcing your determination to my father."

"Stay one moment, Clara," said Brown, taking her hand as she rose to go; "there is another

topic on which, if you will allow me, I desire to speak."

The young lady sat down again; but Brown, much to her surprise, remained silent for some seconds, apparently at a loss for suitable language. As she had always regarded her cousin in the light of a brother, and had never suspected him of entertaining any other than a fraternal affection for her, it was with no ordinary degree of astonishment that she at length heard him confess a long-standing attachment of another description.

"Such are my feelings, Clara," continued he; "and it now remains for you to say, whether I may venture to hope that the offer of my hand, which I now make, will, in time, be accepted."

"I must acknowledge," said Clara, "that such a communication was totally unexpected. You have never before hinted anything of the kind, nor have I seen aught in your manner towards me, calculated to prepare me for such a declaration as you have just made."

"I admit it," replied Brown; "but I have nevertheless loved you long and ardently. I have fostered the sentiment with which, years ago, you unconsciously inspired me; and I have endeavoured successfully to prevent your perceiving that the feeling differed from that ordinary sisterly regard for me which you have ever manifested. Why I have done so I could not explain. I am aware that I have taken you, in a manner, by surprise; and, for that reason, I ask only your serious consideration of

my proposal, and one word to encourage the hope that your decision may ultimately be favourable."

"To be candid with you, Richard, I must say, that it gives me much pain to learn the state of your feelings, because I know that you are destined to be disappointed. It is highly complimentary to me that you have esteemed me worthy of your choice; and I beg you to believe that I feel all that a woman should feel on such an occasion. But it is due to you that I should speak plainly with respect to the proposal you have done me the honour to make, that you may not cherish a hope which cannot but prove vain, as it is impossible that I should ever become yours. In declining, most respectfully, to take the subject into consideration, I would be understood as acting solely with reference to my unwillingness to entertain, at present, any thought of a marriage engagement. To you, personally, I have no objection, excepting that my sincere regard for you is not of such a nature as to warrant my giving a single word of encouragement. You are a near relative; we have been acquainted from our infancy; and our companionship, I might almost call it, has led me to consider you rather as a brother than as a cousin and friend. Until this moment I had discovered no reason to suspect that your sentiments differed from mine."

"Let me entreat you, Clara, to remember, that the happiness of my future life depends upon your decision. With you, the highest felicity will be mine; without you, I shall be worse than miserable. I

beg you, therefore, to suspend your answer for the period of one year, or longer, if necessary. Afford me the opportunity of proving the fervour of my passion, and, if possible, of working a change in your affection for me. Recall your rejection of my offer; allow me to hope, and I will thank you."

"Let us continue to be friends, as we have been, and let not my determination be an interruption to the harmony of feeling that has ever subsisted between us."

"More than friends, then, we cannot be?"

"Never."

"You prefer another."

"Whom?"

"An acquaintance of yesterday," replied Brown, with a bitter smile; "ay, literally of yesterday."

"It is better that this conversation should now be discontinued," said Clara, with spirit. "However your last remark, and the manner in which it was uttered, were calculated to wound my feelings, I banish the thought of them, and shall hereafter deport myself towards you as if nothing unpleasant had occurred. If our friendship is destined to be broken, it shall be through no agency of mine. I bid you good-morning."

Saying this, Clara walked away, leaving Brown in a most unenviable state of mind; disappointed at the unsuccessful issue of his suit, angry with the object of his affection, and still more incensed against Vincent, for being, as he supposed, the cause of his unlooked-for failure. He secretly resolved, how-

ever, not to relinquish the pursuit. "Never will I," said he, "allow myself to be baffled by a rival without fortune; a clerk dependant upon his daily labour for the means of existence; without family and friends; and, saving an agreeable person and manners, without a single qualification on which to base a claim to the hand of Miss Wilmot. What can the upstart oppose to the solid advantages which I can offer? Does Clara imagine that her father will ever listen to so absurd a project as a union between his only daughter and a beggar? a man picked, as it were, out of the very kennel, and taken into the counting-room as an act of charity. Preposterous! No, no, Clara, you shall not escape me so easily. Vincent may have exerted himself successfully to save your precious life; but I swear that his reward shall never be the gift which, even now, you contemplate to bestow."

Thus did Brown work himself into a passion, under the belief that the only reason why he had been rejected, was the lady's supposed partiality for one who had been but two days under her father's roof, and whom, before his arrival there, she had scarcely known even by sight. Without having seen anything in her conduct which might warrant such an inference, he felt as much persuaded that she loved Vincent, as if he had received such a confession from her own lips.

Nor had he any reason for supposing that Vincent meditated such a purpose as was imputed to him; for, since they arrived at Beechwood, Clara

had not been the subject of conversation, nor had anything taken place calculated to alarm the most jealous disposition. Her deciding against him, in reference to the poetry, was the origin of his suspicions and ill-humour; and the circumstance of the rescue, and her rejection of his offer, made it quite clear to him that she and his humble fellow-clerk were on the eve of a matrimonial engagement.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the day following, Brown went to New-York, leaving Vincent, who was still unwell, at Mr. Wilmot's, where he remained nearly a week. He had become quite a favourite with Mrs. Wilmot, who was much pleased with his manners and conversation, and who, of course, felt grateful to him for the invaluable service he had done the family, in rescuing Clara from her late perilous situation. She considered him, and so did her husband, as the preserver of their child, and Vincent found his reward in the exceedingly kind attention he received while an inmate of their mansion. Before he departed, Mr. Wilmot gave him an invitation to accompany the family on a visit to Saratoga Springs and Lake George, whither they intended to go in about three weeks. It is hardly necessary to observe, that the invitation was accepted with thanks.

Brown met Vincent in the counting-room with nothing in his manner indicating anything like a feeling of jealousy. He spoke to him as usual, and so disguised his real sentiments as to give Vincent no reason to suspect that he was regarded by his friend in the light of a rival. Brown was too proud to manifest any uneasiness; for he did not wish Charles to suppose that an individual so humble and dependant, could form the slightest obstacle to the

success of one who had both fortune and birth to recommend him.

He took an early opportunity to converse with him upon the subject of their late visit, and endeavoured to ascertain whether the latter's admiration of Miss Wilmot was such as to afford any grounds for his fears. In this he was unsuccessful; for Vincent, as if he penetrated the design of his fellow-clerk, was extremely cautious in his observations, and suffered nothing to escape him calculated to satisfy Brown's curiosity.

For some reason or another, Brown had abandoned, or, at least, suspended his determination to relinquish his clerkship; and he went daily to the office as usual, and even appeared to be more than ordinarily attentive to his duties. Whether he did this for the purpose of making a favourable impression upon the mind of Mr. Wilmot, or with a view of rendering Vincent's incessant attention to business less conspicuous, we are not prepared to say; but certain it is, that the head of the house noticed, with much pleasure, an increased activity and application on the part of his nephew, and began to hope that so decided, and, perhaps, permanent, a change had taken place, as to warrant his soon receiving him into the firm.

It was not without much chagrin that Brown heard of the arrangements concerning the proposed visit to Saratoga. He had looked upon it as a matter of course that an invitation would be given to him; but when he learned that Vincent was to be

of the party, and saw himself excluded, his indignation knew no bounds. He fancied that he saw in this move a marked encouragement of Vincent's pretensions to the hand of Clara; and he regarded it as too important an oversight of his own superior claims to such a favour, to be suffered to pass in silence. He did not fail to make it manifest to Mr. Wilmot that he was dissatisfied, though he cheerfully congratulated Vincent upon his good fortune, in being invited to attend so agreeable a party on so pleasant an excursion.

Mr. Wilmot condescended to explain to his nephew his reasons for having, in this matter, given the preference to Vincent, and hinted at his views in regard to Brown's advancement to the honour of becoming, in due time, a member of the firm. The young man expressed himself satisfied; but it was not difficult to perceive that he still felt grieved at what he considered an unpardonable slight. His pride, however, demanded that no evidence of his dissatisfaction should be exhibited in the presence of Vincent; and it was policy with him, in the line of conduct he intended to pursue, that he should continue on friendly, if not on intimate, terms with his fellow-clerk. Accordingly, during the fortnight that intervened before their departure, he was frequently seen in pleasant conversation with Vincent, and spent considerable time with him after the counting-room was closed

"You are a lucky dog, Vincent," said Brown, late one pleasant afternoon, while they were sitting

alone in the office; "you are a most confoundedly lucky dog. Here you are, with a delightful trip to Saratoga in prospect—the most agreeable place in the universe at this season of the year—and before you a pleasant sail on the noblest of rivers; the charms of the country; the certainty of meeting company from every part of the Union; balls, soirées, walks, drives, and the devil knows what; while I, like a poor shopboy, must content myself with being pent up within these four walls, breathing an atmosphere hot as the air of Tartarus itself, with no other society than that of those interesting volumes ycleped day-book and leger."

"True," replied Vincent, laughing; "but the tarrying even in this office has its peculiar pleasures, especially to one who, like you, expects soon to become, in part, the lord of all he surveys. Now, were I situated as you are, with advancement within my easy reach, the most agreeable place in the world to me would be this abused little room. Those immense tomes that you are so scandalized at the bare sight of, would be my most constant companions. I should derive more real pleasure from the perusal of yonder leger, than the reading of Paradise Lost ever afforded me; and Virgil, Horace, and Petrarca should never interfere with my daily study of the cash and day books."

"Our tastes differ," observed Brown; "and yours, I think, is a little peculiar. How the deuse you can school your mind to such incessant attention to business, is a mystery to me; but it can't be denied,

nevertheless, that in this faculty of application you have an advantage over me, and I must endeavour to imitate your example so far as my confirmed habits will permit. Attentive, however, as we may be to business, a respite or relaxation from its harassing duties, is both necessary and proper; and that, I fear, will not fall to my unfortunate lot during the present season. I say again, therefore, that you are a most lucky fellow, and I would not hesitate to exchange situations with you, and throw in five hundred to boot."

"I would not sell for that sum the pleasure I anticipate," said Vincent; "yet would I give as many thousands for the privilege of being precisely in your situation, with all its attendant advantages. You underrate, it seems to me, the value of your position."

"You view it with reference to the opportunity it affords of acquiring a fortune rapidly; and you estimate it at a much higher value than I do, who already possess a respectable estate. Now there is one respect in which *you* are to be envied."

"What is that, pray?" asked Vincent.

"If I mistake not, you are a favourite with Clara," replied Brown.

"Why do you think so?"

"It could scarcely be otherwise, after what you have done for her. Nay, don't look so surprised, man; is it so very strange that a young lady should feel something more than gratitude to her preserver,

especially when she cannot fail so see that she is much admired, if not loved by him?"

"Much admired, if not loved! Excuse my echoing your words, but what the deuse could have put that into your head?" demanded Vincent, with a sort of incredulous smile, and something of affected surprise in his manner.

"My own eyes, to be sure," replied Brown; "do you think I'm blind, my boy? Tell me, now, am I far wrong? You don't deny that my pretty little cousin is a favourite of yours; and I shall, in future, consider myself a good Yankee in the art of guessing."

"I give you credit for more penetration than I can boast of possessing."

"You admit, then, that I have discovered your secret?"

"I admit nothing, as the lawyer advised his student, and require proof."

"I take it for granted, then. Was I not right in calling you a lucky dog?"

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a man, who, as he opened the door, inquired for Mr. Brown. He was a tall, raw-boned man, rather pale, with a fierce black eye, and dark bushy hair and whiskers. His countenance, as it appeared in the twilight of the room, seemed familiar to Vincent; but he could not remember where he had seen the person, although he scrutinized him closely, and endeavoured ineffectually to recollect his name. As soon as Brown perceived

CHAPTER XVII.

The little party, consisting of Mr. Wilmot, lady, daughter, and Charles Vincent, left New-York in one of the magnificent steamboats which ply between that city and Albany. Neither Vincent nor Clara had ever seen more of the noble Hudson than can be viewed from the heights at Hoboken; consequently, the passage was to them one of uncommon interest. It had not been a part of their plan to visit any of the towns and villages that overlook the river; but as Clara expressed a wish to tarry a day or two at several of the most noted resorts of tourists, such as the Mountain House at Catskill, and West Point, her father promised to gratify her on their return.

On arriving at Saratoga, they took lodgings at Congress Hall, at that time the most fashionable hotel in the village. It was the height of the season, being about the first of August—a period when the number of visiters is generally the largest, and when representatives of almost every state in the Union may there be found. At this time, the concourse of strangers was unusually great, and among them were many gentlemen distinguished in politics and literature. Ex-governors, senators, delegates, and poets, were as plenty as blackberries; while merchants and lawyers, with their dashing

wives and daughters, were striving to outdo all others in the splendour of their appearance. There was a great display of beauty that week at Congress Hall; and many were the conquests made by the fair New-Englanders, the dark-eyed Southerners, and the charming daughters of the North and West. In that brilliant galaxy, however, no star shone with purer lustre than the heroine of our tale. From the moment that she made her first appearance in the dining-room, her superiority was immediately acknowledged; and introductions to her were sought by half the gentlemen in the house. In the ball-room, all eyes were upon her; and when she made her morning visits to the spring, she was the object of every one's admiring gaze. It was not uncommon to see her in conversation with grave senators and governors (that had been), all of whom admired, not less the brilliancy of her sallies, than the high order of her personal beauty. Wheresoever she appeared, every person, whether poet or politician, prepared to stand upon the defensive; for that peculiar trait in her character, which impelled her good-humouredly to rally those with whom she conversed, rendered her a formidable adversary in a contest of wit.

One morning, while Mr. Wilmot was sitting in the piazza, a letter from his partner was put into his hands, of which the following is a copy:

MR. WILMOT,

Dear Sir—I hasten to inform you that a check, purporting to have been drawn by Wilmot & Co.,

was about ten days since presented to the teller of the —— Bank, and paid. On comparing our account with that of the bank, our charge exceeded their credit to the extent of two thousand five hundred dollars; and while investigating the matter, I discovered among our checks a *forged* one for that amount, which accounted for the discrepance.

It pains me to add, that suspicion has fallen upon an individual in our service—the last person whom we should have suspected of a transaction so base. All knowledge of this unfortunate affair is confined to our own concern and to two of the officers of the bank, who have consented to keep it secret until your return.

"I hope to see you and Vincent in town on Saturday next. Your ob't servant,

"WM. WRAY, JUNR."

Mr. Wilmot was astounded by this information, but he could not at first permit himself to believe, that any person in his employ would be guilty of forgery. His clerks were all highly respectable young men, belonging, so far as he knew, to families of good character and standing; and there was but one person in the service of the house, of whose honesty he could admit the slightest doubt, and that was the porter, a very illiterate man, and totally incapable, were he so disposed, of counterfeiting with sufficient exactness to deceive a bank clerk. He thought it not improbable, however, that the porter might have been persuaded, by some design-

ing villain, to lend his assistance in the commission of the fraud.

During Mr. Wilmot's painful reflection upon this serious business, a ray of suspicion more than once darted across his mind, that his nephew Brown was the person alluded to by Mr. Wray. Why it was he began to fear that such would prove to be the case, he could scarcely tell; yet, notwithstanding that Brown possessed a fortune, and was far removed from any necessity of procuring money by criminal means, Mr. Wilmot considered him, of all his clerks, the most likely to be implicated in an affair of this nature. He knew that Richard was extravagant in his expenses; that he was frequently destitute of money; and that he was sometimes obliged to anticipate his income, by borrowing considerable sums for the payment of his debts. One fact served to fasten Mr. Wilmot's suspicion upon him. Little more than a month previously to this period, he had been asked by his nephew for an advance of several hundred dollars, to be applied to the discharge of a claim upon him, held by an individual who was clamorous for his money, and must be paid. Although this was represented by Brown to be an urgent case of necessity, the favour was denied him by his uncle, who embraced that occasion to reprimand him severely for the waste of his property, and the irregularity of his habits. The more he thought of this subject in connexion with Brown, the stronger became his conviction that he had hit upon the right person as

the perpetrator of the forgery; and before he closed the letter, he had become satisfied as to the correctness of his surmise, and had resolved upon the line of conduct to be pursued in reference to the guilty man.

Without explaining the why or wherefore, Mr. Wilmot announced his determination of returning immediately to New-York. This was, of course, a serious disappointment to Clara and her mother, who had promised themselves the pleasure of a journey to Lakes George and Champlain, after the sojourn of a fortnight or three weeks at Saratoga. They saw, however, that Mr. Wilmot's mind had been suddenly and seriously disturbed, and they immediately acquiesced in his decision, without a word of complaint or remonstrance. Vincent, too, as may be supposed, partook of their disappointment; for, during his short residence at Congress Hall, he had experienced naught but unmixed delight.

On arriving in town, Mr. Wilmot went to the counting-room, anxious to relieve his mind from a state of most painful suspense. Mr. Wray happened to be there, and both gentlemen retired into a private apartment contiguous to the office.

"I need not say to you, Mr. Wray," began Mr. Wilmot, "that your letter containing most unwelcome tidings, was received. I hope, however, to learn that your suspicion was unfounded, for there is no person in our employ whom I can believe capable of committing so great a crime."

"I wish it were in my power to say to you that I was mistaken; but truth compels me to state, that further inquiry has only served to convince me, that the guilty person is a young man high in your confidence."

"Name him."

"Charles Vincent."

"Charles Vincent! impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Wilmot, indignantly; "you are in error, Mr. Wray, depend upon it. I will not believe that he is guilty, unless the most unquestionable proof be produced. His principles and habits are so good, that the evidence of his guilt must be demonstrative, to shake my conviction that he is as innocent of this crime as a child unborn. His expenses, I know, are very limited; and, had he been in want of money, he might have drawn the balance of his last year's salary, which he left in my hands for safe-keeping. Admitting that he is so depraved, the committing of forgery implies the existence of a pressing necessity for money; and the circumstance of his having a sum in my hands, shows the absence of an adequate motive to incur so much guilt. He has been under my eye for several years, and frequent opportunities have occurred of embezzling money with less than the ordinary risk of detection; but I have uniformly found him honest and trustworthy, and, so far as I know, he never has been a defaulter to the extent of a single farthing. I would at this moment trust him with untold gold."

"Your high opinion of Vincent is, I grant, war-

ranted by what you have seen of him; and, previously to the discovery of this fraud, I would have maintained it to be impossible that a young man, apparently so perfectly correct in his deportment, so attentive to business, and with so strong a disposition to give satisfaction to his employers, could, under any circumstances, perpetrate so heinous a crime. Facts, however, are stubborn things, and I fear he will find it a difficult matter to prove his innocence."

"His accusers must establish his guilt."

"That, I think, they will be able to do. The circumstances of the case are these: A few days ago I sent our book to the bank to be balanced, and in the afternoon of the following day it was returned to the office, when I discovered that the amount at our credit, was twenty-five hundred dollars less than the balance on our check-book. I immediately commenced an examination of the cash transactions of the month, presuming that some mistake had been committed; but everything appeared to be correct, and no omissions of any kind could be discovered. On comparing the bank-book with the drafts and deposites as stated on the check-book, a draft for twenty-five hundred dollars was noted in the former, of which no mention was made in the latter. On the day the check was presented and paid (which was the same as its date), no payments were made at this office, excepting a small one of three hundred dollars; nor has any debt been paid of precisely twenty-five hundred dollars, or any loan been made

of that amount, within the last six weeks. I then sent to the bank for the checks, and among them was this, which, as you will at once perceive, is a forgery. The name of the firm, as written by you, is counterfeited with considerable accuracy."

"It is clumsily done," replied Mr. Wilmot; "and the paying clerk ought to have known that this signature is not mine. Go on."

"I called immediately on the cashier of the bank, and disclosed the forgery to him. The check was then shown to the paying teller, who, after a close examination of the writing, pronounced it to be a counterfeit. He cannot recollect the person who presented it, but thinks it was a young man whom he had not before seen. He remembers, however, to have paid two one thousand-dollar bills, and five bills of one hundred dollars each. I agreed to meet the cashier again on the following morning, to consult on the measures to be adopted to recover the money, and then returned to the office, little suspecting that the audacious forger was one connected with our house. At this time Brown was the only person, besides myself and the bank men, who was cognizant of this matter.

"On my return to the counting-room, Brown handed me a sheet of paper containing the name of the firm repeatedly written on both sides. This paper had been found accidentally in one corner of the desk which Brown and Vincent use in common, and to which no other person can have access without a key. On comparing this writing with the

signature of the check, they were found to be sufficiently alike to warrant the belief that both had been done by the same hand. Neither of us, however, dared so much as to suspect Vincent of being the writer; yet the fact of such a paper's being in the desk was extraordinary, and still more so that there should be such an exact similarity between the writing thereon and that of the checks. Here are the papers, and you can judge for yourself as to the identity of the hand.

"Although I had ever held Vincent's character above suspicion, yet, the longer I considered this circumstance, the more I was disposed to believe that he alone could tell whose writing that is, and what the writer's object was in thus imitating the name of the firm as you are accustomed to write it.

"I now felt warranted in making a still further search. It happened that, in Vincent's small writing-desk, the key had inadvertently been left, which gave me an opportunity of examining the contents. His portfolio contained this sheet of paper, which plainly shows that he had practised, with a view of counterfeiting your signature. In a little drawer I found an old wallet, which contained a hundred-dollar note of the —— Bank; one of the five, doubtless, that had been paid by the clerk. Besides these, there was a letter without a signature, which, in my humble opinion, makes the evidence against him all but conclusive."

"These papers, Mr. Wray," said Mr. Wilmot, may have been in the possession of the person who

committed the forgery; but I have seen no proof that Vincent is the guilty man. One desk is used in common by both him and Brown; and as there are two keys, I see no reason why this paper may not have been placed therein with the express purpose of throwing suspicion upon Vincent. The person, whoever he may be, would not omit placing something of this kind in the small desk; since, as the key was in it, access to the interior was so easy. Read the letter, if you please."

Mr. Wray then read the letter, of which the following is a copy:

"Sir,—I now address you for the *last* time in reference to the large sum in which you are indebted to me. My last two communications on this subject remain unnoticed by you; and, if I pursued the course dictated by justice, I should make to Mr. Wilmot the disclosure hinted at in my letter of Friday last. Averse, however, to working your ruin unnecessarily, I have resolved to write to you once more; and you will, therefore, please to consider this the last time I shall trouble you with a request for an immediate liquidation of my demand. Two months since, you more than once positively assured me that I should be in possession of the money within thirty days at farthest; and although it was extremely inconvenient for me to wait, yet, to oblige you, I consented to do so, at the hazard of being myself much harassed by clamorous creditors. Sixty days and more have now elapsed, and, so far

from receiving what is due to me, I have not even been favoured with an interview, or a single line explanatory of your failure to fulfil the promise to which I have alluded. You must be aware that you are completely in my power, and that—but I forbear, lest this should fall into hands that might bring it under the eye of your employer.

"I give you *three* days, or, in other words, I shall wait patiently till Thursday night; and should I not, meanwhile, hear favourably from you, *and be in receipt of the money* by the time specified, I shall, on the succeeding Friday morning, make Mr. Wilmot acquainted with the last six months of your history. If you desire an interview, you know where to find me. Yours,

"____ ____."

"Well, what does all this amount to?" asked Mr. Wilmot. "If those papers you hold were prepared and placed into the two desks for the purpose of turning our attention to Vincent as the perpetrator of the forgery, the letter you have just read was doubtless written with the same intent. I strongly suspect the whole of this to be an infamous trick, designed to ruin an innocent and deserving young man. You have something else there; be so good as to read it."

"This is a letter written in reply to the one I have read. It is without a superscription; but why it was not sent, of course I cannot explain. It may have been copied, or an interview with the un-

known to whom it is addressed, may have rendered its delivery unnecessary. If this, being in the handwriting of Vincent, does not stagger your incredulity, I know not what sort of evidence you require."

"SIR,—Your letter, which, you say, shall be the last, has been received. I lose no time in assuring you that your demand, unreasonable as I must ever consider it, shall be complied with within the short period you have allowed. *I will bring the money to you to-morrow evening.* Yours,

"——— ———."

"This, you will perceive," said Mr. Wray, "is a document which renders it certain that our suspicions do no injustice to Vincent. That this letter was written by him, there can be no doubt in the mind of any person as well acquainted as I am with his handwriting."

Mr. Wilmot took the letter, and examined it long and attentively. He could not dispute the strong resemblance which the writing bore to that of Vincent, and yet an expressive shake of the head indicated his want of faith in its being genuine. He remained some time reflecting intently upon the matter without speaking, hesitating to admit that any importance should be attached to the evidence of his clerk's imputed guilt, and yet not daring entirely to disregard the proof, lest he should afford protection to an individual perhaps guilty of the

deepest ingratitude, as well as of a criminal offence against the law. Other thoughts than such as had reference simply to Vincent passed through his mind, but he did not give them utterance. Not knowing what to think of this extraordinary train of circumstances, he maintained the appearance of still believing in the entire innocence of his favourite clerk.

After some further conversation, Mr. Wilmot desired his partner to bring him a book which contained the handwriting of Vincent. Page after page was compared with the brief letter found in the desk; and the result was, that Mr. Wilmot ceased to advocate Charles's innocence, and admitted the possibility of the affair's turning out differently from what he had hoped and expected. "But why," said he, "Vincent, if he was so hard pressed for money, did not first make use of his own funds now in my possession, I cannot divine; and the fact of his leaving them in my hands is, as I before remarked, much in his favour, since it implies that he could not be so situated with regard to pecuniary matters as this letter supposes."

"It was, perhaps, done to conceal his real want of a large sum, and to serve as a shield in the event of being suspected of the crime he was about to commit. It is more than probable, that, on his examination, he will say in substance, 'If I was necessitated to raise such a sum, I should certainly have drawn my own money from the possession of my employer.' This circumstance, weighed against

doubtful or inconclusive evidence, would certainly tell much in his favour; but where there is demonstrative proof, it serves only to show a depth of cunning and foresight for which I had never given him credit."

"All may be as you say," replied Mr. Wilmot, laying aside the book and rising to go; "but I am not yet prepared to believe Vincent guilty. He shall, however, be examined this evening, and I desire you to request him and Brown to meet us here at eight o'clock."

END OF VOL. I.

ANTHON'S SERIES OF CLASSICAL WORKS

FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

In presenting the volumes of this series, as far as it has been completed, to the notice of the public, the subscribers beg leave to say a few words respecting its general features, and the advantages that are to result from it both to students and instructers.

The plan proposed is to give editions of all the authors usually read in our schools and colleges, together with such elementary and subsidiary works as may be needed by the classical student either at the commencement, or at particular stages, of his career.

The editions of the Classical authors themselves will be based on the latest and most accurate texts, and will be accompanied by English commentaries, containing everything requisite for accurate preparation on the part of the student and a correct understanding of the author. The fear entertained by some instructers, lest too copious an array of notes may bribe the student into habits of intellectual sloth, will be found to be altogether visionary. That part of the series which contains the text-books for schools must, in order to be at all useful, have a more extensive supply of annotations than the volumes intended for college lectures; and when these last make their appearance, the system of commenting adopted in them will not fail to meet with the approbation of all.

The advantages, then, which this series promises to confer are the following: the latest and best texts; accurate commentaries, putting the student and instructer in possession of the opinions of the best philologists; together with all such subsidiary information as may serve, not only to throw light upon the meaning of the author, but also to give rise in the young student to habits of correct thinking and to the formation of a correct taste.

Many of the works at present used in our Classical schools are either reprints of antiquated editions, swarming with errors, not merely in the typography, but in the matter itself; or else they are volumes, fair to the view, indeed, as far as manual execution is concerned, but either supplied with meager and unsatisfactory commentaries, or without any commentaries at all. These are the works that drive students to the use of translations, and thus mar the fairest prospects of youthful scholarship, producing an infinitely stronger habit of intellectual indolence than the most copious commentary could engender. Indeed, to place this matter in its proper light, and to show, within a very brief compass, how much good the projected series is about to accomplish, it may be sufficient to state, that the *printed translations* of those authors whose works have been thus far published in the series meet now with a much less ready sale than formerly; and are seldom, if ever, seen in the hands of those whose instructers have the good sense and judgment to give a decided preference to the volumes edited by Professor Anthon.

The publishers take the liberty to subjoin a few of the communications relative to the published volumes of the series, which they have received from gentlemen of high classical reputation in different parts of the country.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

December, 1838.

ANTHON'S SERIES OF CLASSICAL WORKS

FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

From H. HUMPHREY, D.D., President of Amherst College, at Amherst, Mass.

I am very happy to see that you have undertaken to furnish uniform editions of the Latin classics for the use of our grammar schools and higher seminaries of learning. Professor Anthon deserves and will receive the thanks of the public for the labour which he has so judiciously and successfully bestowed upon Sallust, Cæsar, and Cicero. The explanatory notes or commentaries are more copious and comprehensive than those of any other edition I have seen, and much better adapted to the wants of young students. Among the most valuable of these notes are those which divert attention to the beautiful uses of the moods and tenses, and explain the delicate shades of meaning and peculiar beauties that depend upon them, which our language often expresses imperfectly and with difficulty, and which young learners rarely regard. The explanations of the force and meaning of the particles are also very useful.

The historical, geographical, and other indexes are also highly valuable, furnishing the student, as they do, with felicitous illustrations of the text, and much general information.

The text seems to be settled with much care and ability. The editions adopted as the basis or referred to as authority are those in the highest repute among scholars. The typographical execution is very fine, and this is a high merit. The wretched reprints of foreign editions of the classics, got up in cheap offices, on wretched paper, with incompetent proof-readers and no editors, to which, until within a very few years, our students have been universally condemned, have, by taking them young, been as successful in making them uncertain and inaccurate scholars as if that had been one of the main objects of the publishers. School books of all kinds, instead of being the worst (as they often are), should be the most carefully printed books we have.

H. HUMPHREY.

From the Rt. Rev. Bishop M'ILVAINE, President of Kenyon College, at Gambier, Ohio.

I anticipate the greatest benefits to our schools and colleges from the admirable edition of the classics which you are now publishing, under the superintendence and illustrated by the copious and learned notes of Professor Anthon. What your accomplished editor has aimed at in his Horace, Cæsar, and other volumes of the series, few can have been much connected with classical institutions in this country without learning to be precisely the one needful thing to their students. The object is most satisfactorily attained. The needed books we have, so far as your series has yet been published; and as to what are yet to come, we have learned from what we have, if I may use the words of one of your authors, quæ a summa virtute summoque ingenio expectanda sunt, expectare. *Wishing you the most abundant encouragement in your important enterprise, I remain your obedient servant,*

CHAS. P. M'ILVAINE.

From WILLIAM A. DUER, LL.D., President of Columbia College, in the City of New-York.

From the manner in which this undertaking has been so far executed, as well as from the established character and reputation of Professor Anthon as a scholar, his experience as an instructer, and the accuracy and judgment previously evinced by him as an editor and commentator, I can entertain no doubt of the success of the enterprise, so far as his editorial labours and your own skill and experience as publishers are concerned; and I trust that, from the increasing value of classical studies in the estimation of the public, this judicious and spirited effort to facilitate and promote so important a branch of education will be duly appreciated and liberally rewarded.

I remain, gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
W. A. DUER.

Letters of Recommendation—continued.

From JEREMIAH DAY, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College, at New-Haven, Conn.

. . . . . *I estimate highly the importance of furnishing for our schools and colleges accurate and neat editions of the ancient Classics; and I am much pleased with the general appearance and typographical execution of the specimens which you have given us. . . . . It would be presumptuous in one so little conversant with the fair fields of elegant literature to undertake to pass sentence on the finely-wrought productions of so accomplished a scholar as Professor Anthon. . . . . His works have a reputation already too well established to need or to receive additional value from any recommendation which I can give. . . . .*

JEREMIAH DAY.

From the Rev. B. HALE, D.D., President of Geneva College, at Geneva, N. Y.

. . . . . *Your object "to furnish accurate and uniform editions of Classical authors, read in colleges and schools, accompanied by a useful body of commentary, maps," &c., is a very useful one, and highly deserving of the public patronage, and no one, in our country, is more competent to the editorial supervision of such an undertaking than Professor Anthon. It is fortunate for the cause of Classical learning in our country, that so learned and enterprising a scholar has been brought into co-operation with publishers so enterprising.*

So far as I have examined the works above mentioned, they appear to me exceedingly well adapted to their end, and to do credit both to the editor and the publishers. We have specified these editions in the requirements for admission to this college. BENJAMIN HALE.

From the Rev. JOSEPH PENNEY, D.D., President of Hamilton College, at Clinton, N. Y.

I have examined with much interest and attention Dr. Anthon's editions of the ancient classics so far as published by you. I think there can be but one opinion *as to the merit of these works, and the advantage to our country of so noble an enterprise. It is not only honoured by the learning of the editor, and the ability and taste of the publishers, but directly and greatly benefited in the vital interest of the education of our youth. We possess no means of sound mental discipline and cultivated taste that can supersede the relics of Greece and Rome; and thus to enrich them to the inquiring mind, and to adorn them to the eye of our studious youth, is a service not likely to be appreciated as it deserves except by those who have toiled through the crowded and careless page of former days. I earnestly hope that you may be encouraged greatly to extend these labours.*

JOSEPH PENNEY.

From the Rev. J. M. MATHEWS, D.D., Chancellor of the New-York University.

Professor Anthon has rendered an important service to the cause of learning in this country by his editions of the various Classics; and I am gratified to see that your valuable press is employed in furnishing them to the public.

J. M. MATHEWS.

From the Rev. D. M'CONAUGHY, D.D., President of Washington College, at Washington, Penn.

. . . . . *The typographical execution is correct and handsome, the binding substantial, the notes copious and valuable. All agree, that it is not* much *reading, but* thorough *reading, which secures knowledge and makes the scholar. To this purpose your edition of the classics is eminently adapted. If well employed by students and instructers, they cannot fail to make accurate and well-instructed scholars; and must render the study of Classic authors more interesting and more profitable than it has generally been. I hope that you will find extensive patronage.* D. M'CONAUGHY.

From the Rev. ALONSO POTTER, D.D., of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

. . . . . *I have had occasion to examine these editions with some care, and, it would be superfluous to add, with great pleasure. The reputation of Professor Anthon for learning and critical skill, and the singular success with which he adapts his labours to the wants of the student, are too well known and too generally appreciated to need any recommendation. It is proper, however, to add that these volumes will be used in our classes, and are held in the highest esteem.* ALONSO POTTER.

Letters of Recommendation—continued.

From the Rev. E. NOTT, D.D., President of Union College at Schenectady, N. Y.

The furnishing of our schools and colleges with accurate and uniform editions of the Classical authors in use, accompanied by a useful body of commentary, maps, illustrations, &c., is an undertaking worthy alike of commendation and of patronage. The competency of Professor Anthon for the editorial supervision assigned him, is well known to me. The whole design meets my entire approbation, and you are quite at liberty to make use of my name in the furtherance of its execution.

Very respectfully,
ELIPHALET NOTT.

From the Rev. F. WAYLAND, D.D., President of Brown University at Providence, R. I.

I have not been able, owing to the pressure of my engagements, to examine the above works with any degree of accuracy. I however beg leave to thank you for the volumes, and cheerfully bear testimony to the distinguished scholarship of their editor. No classical scholar of our country enjoys a higher reputation, and I know of no one in whose labours more decided confidence may be reposed.

Yours truly,
F. WAYLAND.

From the Rev. JOHN P. DURBIN, A.M., President of Dickinson College at Carlisle, Penn.

For some months past my attention has been directed to the series of Classical works now in the course of publication from your press, edited by Professor Anthon. I can with confidence recommend them as the best editions of the several works which have appeared in our country, perhaps in any country. The matter is select, and the notes are copious and clear. . . . . .

Respectfully,
J. P. DURBIN.

From THOMAS R. INGALLS, Esq., President of Jefferson College at St. James, Louisiana.

. . . . . I have examined them with attention, and have no hesitation in saying that I prefer them to any books I have seen for the schools for which they are intended. The editions by Dr. Anthon seem to me to supply, in a very judicious manner, what is wanting to the student, and cannot fail, I should think, to aid in restoring Classical studies from their unhappily languishing condition.

Your obedient servant,
THO. R. INGALLS.

From C. L. DUBUISSON, A.M., President of Jefferson College at Washington, Miss.

I have examined with some care the first five volumes of Anthon's Series of Classical Works. They are such as I should expect from the distinguished editor. The "Horace" and "Sallust" of this gentleman have long been known to me as the very best books to be placed in the hands of a student. As a commentator, Professor Anthon has, in my estimation, no equal. His works have excited a great and beneficial influence in the cause of Classical learning, and the present undertaking will infinitely extend the sphere of that influence. No one so well as a teacher can appreciate the value of uniform editions of the text-books to be used by his classes. The undertaking of publishing a complete series of all those standard works which students must read is a noble one, and I sincerely hope it will be completed. With such a series as the present promises to be, there will be nothing left to desire. It is be hoped that editor and publishers will meet with such encouragement as their truly valuable undertaking deserves.

Your obedient servant,
C. L. DUBUISSON.

From the Rev. JOHN LUDLOW, President of the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.

. . . . . The object is worthy your enterprising spirit, and you have been singularly fortunate in securing the services of Professor Anthon to direct it to its completion. The volumes which you have kindly sent me fully sustain the reputation of that distinguished scholar, and afford a sure pledge of what may be expected in those which are to follow. Most heartily do I recommend your undertaking, and sincerely hope it will meet with the encouragement which it richly deserves.

With great respect, yours, &c.,
JOHN LUDLOW.

Letters of Recommendation—continued.

From the Rev. B. P. AYDELOTT, President of the Woodward College, at Cincinnati, Ohio.

From some personal acquaintance, but much more from general reputation, I formed a very high opinion of Professor Anthon's abilities to prepare a full series of Latin and Greek Classics *for the use of schools, colleges, &c. Accordingly, as soon as I could obtain the various authors edited by him, I procured them, and, upon a careful examination, was so impressed with their superior character, as to introduce them as fast as possible into the different departments of the institution under my charge.*

The various Delphin editions are very good, so far as ancient geography, mythology, usages, &c., are concerned; but in respect to critical remarks and grammatical illustrations they are of little worth; they were, in general, however, the best we had.

But besides being abundantly full and clear in everything archæological, *Professor Anthon has done more, in the editions of the classical authors prepared by him, to unfold the grammatical structure, and thus throw light upon the meaning and spirit of the original, than any other commentator whom I have consulted. It is a striking, and, I think, decisive, proof of their superiority, that the students show in their recitations that they have* read *his notes and profited by them, which they never seemed to me to have done when using other editions.*

Some time ago I commenced a careful collation of the Greek Grammar of the same author with those of Butmann, Valpy, &c., making full notes as I went along, with the design of preparing a review of it at the request of the editor of an extensively circulated periodical, and such was my conviction of its peculiar fitness for the use of schools, that I have since recommended no other to our pupils.

I would add that the neatness and taste with which Professor Anthon's classics are got up (though they are far cheaper than the Delphin editions) ought to form no small recommendation of them. Our students purchase, study, and preserve *them with manifest pleasure; and whatever has these effects upon the pupil, will certainly do much to promote the cause of sound and thorough classical learning.*

B. P. AYDELOTT.

From the Rev. J. S. TOMLINSON, D.D., President of Augusta College, Kentucky.

I take this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt (some time since) of four volumes of the Classical Series of Professor Anthon of New-York; and, after a careful examination of them, I can truly say that I am more than pleased; I am delighted with them. The avowed object of the publication, that of furnishing accurate and uniform editions of all the classical authors used in colleges and schools, is one that, in my judgment, has long been a desideratum *in literature, and I am gratified to find is about to be accomplished, especially by one so entirely equal to the task as Professor Anthon has shown himself to be.*

The biographical sketches, commentaries, and annotations with which the volumes are accompanied, while they reflect great credit upon the erudition and research of the author, cannot fail to enhance to the student, in a high degree, the attractions and value of classical reading. As an evidence of the estimate we place upon the series, we have hitherto used it as far as it was attainable, and shall, with great pleasure, avail ourselves of the opportunity now afforded to adopt the whole of it. Allow me to add, that the neat, tasteful, and, at the same time, substantial style of the mechanical execution of the work, fully sustains the well-earned reputation, in that respect, of the enterprising establishment whence it emanates.

Respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. S. TOMLINSON.

From ALONZO CHURCH, D.D., President of the University of Georgia.

As far as time and a press of business would permit, I have examined these volumes, and am much pleased with them. They are, I think, well adapted to the wants of, particularly, young students, and will, I doubt not, furnish what has long been a desideratum in our preparatory schools, viz., cheap, yet correct editions of the common classics, accompanied with judicious English notes. I do not hesitate to say that, were I engaged in giving instruction to youth from these authors, I should prefer the editions of Professor Anthon to any which I have seen.

A. CHURCH.

Letters of Recommendation—continued.

From the Rev. M. HOPKINS, D.D., President of Williams' College, at Williamstown, Mass.

Professor Anthon has unquestionably done much service to the cause of classical learning in this country by his editions of the Latin classics, given to the public with unusual accuracy and elegance from your press. His Sallust, Cæsar, and Cicero cannot fail to find their way into very extensive use, and to render the entrance upon classical studies much more inviting and profitable.

M. HOPKINS.

From WILBUR FISK, D.D., President of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn.

I am highly gratified to notice that you have commenced a series of the classics under the editorial supervision of that accomplished scholar, Professor Anthon of Columbia College. No man in our country is better qualified for this office than Professor Anthon. To show in what estimation he is held in England as a classical scholar, it need only be known that an edition of his "Horace" has been published in London, and the publishers informed me that the entire edition had met with a ready sale; showing that, notwithstanding the numerous editions of this standard work by the first scholars in England, the credit of the work by our American scholar had cariedr it successfully through the English market, and that, too, by virtue of its intrinsic merit. Your editions of his Cæsar, Cicero, and Sallust are now before me, and show that there is no falling off from the reputation of the edition of Horace. The copious notes and commentaries cannot fail to shed a flood of light upon the mind of the young student, and will contribute much, I trust, to foster in the rising generation of scholars a taste for the ancient classics.

WILBUR FISK.

From SILAS TOTTEN, D.D., President of Washington College.

The volumes which I have examined I entirely approve, and think them better adapted to the purposes of classical instruction than any edition of the same authors yet published in this country. The well-known ability of the learned editor admits no doubt of the excellence of the volumes yet to be published.

S. TOTTEN.

From the President and Faculty of Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio.

These three volumes, enriched by a copious and valuable apparatus of critical notes, and judiciously arranged historical, geographical, archæological, and legal matters, furnished by so ripe a scholar as Dr. Anthon, are specimens well calculated to recommend the series of which they are the commencement. They are well adapted to promote thorough classical learning, and are entitled to a high grade of popular favour. By order of the Faculty,

R. H. BISHOP, *President.*

From RUFUS BABCOCK, JR., D.D., late President of Waterville College, in Maine.

I have examined with considerable care, and with high and unmingled satisfaction, your recent edition of Professor Anthon's Latin Classics. The distinguished editor of Horace has rightly judged, that in order to elevate the range and standard of scholarship in this country, it is requisite to facilitate the thorough acquisition of those elementary text-books which are usually first put into the hands of pupils. By the beautiful volumes which you have now given to the public from his pen, more has been done to make the student thoroughly acquainted with those three prime authors, Cæsar, Sallust, and Cicero, than by any other helps within my knowledge. I need not minutely specify the various points of excellence by which these books are distinguished. Their practical value will immediately be appreciated by teachers and learners.

Allow me, gentlemen, to tender, through you, my hearty thanks to Professor Anthon for the very valuable service he has performed in aid of the great cause of classical learning. May he continue his labours for the public good.

RUFUS BABCOCK, JR.

☞ Highly complimentary letters have also been received from JEREMIAH DAY, D.D., *President of Yale College*; from JOSIAH QUINCY, LL.D., *President of Cambridge College*; and from several other distinguished scholars, some of which will be published hereafter.

Commendatory Notices—continued.

"Professor Anthon has been long favourably known by his publications; and their reproduction in this country is the best criterion of their merit. On no writings of antiquity has he laboured with such zeal and success as on those of Horace; and the publisher conceives that he has done a service to literature by presenting his masterly annotations to the British scholar in a form at once cheap and elegant. The great value of the professor's notes results from the skill with which he conveys to the pupil the connexion of the poet's thoughts, and develops the train of ideas which links each fresh image or new argument with its precursors. Next in importance to this ample illustration of the meaning of his author, are the numerous notices gleaned from recent travellers, to clear up the historical, geographical, and antiquarian minutiæ, without a full understanding of which, the spirit of many of the finest ideas of the ancients becomes a dead letter. . . . . The professor has sedulously incorporated all that is valuable in the notes of Döring and of preceding commentators; and it may be mentioned, as no mean praise, that his translations of numerous passages, apparently within the reach of the learner, will be found to impart an insight into the *curiosa felicitas* of the poet's excursions, unattainable by the mere aid of the dictionary."—*From the preface to the second London edition of Anthon's Horace.*

"A publication of greater merit, or of more information and utility in its class, we have never seen. It is, indeed, *Sosiorum pumice mundus*; and if Professor Anthon proposed in it *ad umbilicum adducere* in the best possible manner, we must accede to him that he has fairly accomplished his task."—*London Literary Gazette.*

"This is by far the best school edition of Horace that has yet been published in England. Professor Anthon has selected and condensed the works of the best previous commentators, removing those redundancies which rendered the study of the notes more difficult than that of the text, but preserving everything necessary to illustrate the author."—*London Athenæum.*

"The present is a very useful and excellent edition. We use it in preference to any other."—*Gentleman's Magazine* (*London*).

"This is the most complete, as well as the most correct and the most elaborate edition of Horace extant. It would be needless for us to descant upon the merits of a publication which the world prizes so much as, in less than three months, to demand a second edition."—*Metropolitan Magazine* (*London*).

"The series of Classical works which Harper and Brothers are now publishing, under the editorial supervision of Professor Anthon, are precisely adapted to remove many of those obstructions which formerly impeded both the amplified understanding and the rapid progress of the student as a linguist in these tongues. The narrative by Cæsar, the select orations of Cicero, and the history by Sallust, which have already been issued, are prepared in that very style which will not only encourage the student to alacrity and perseverance, but the information which the annotations impart are directly fitted to allure him onward, by continually opening to him the vast universe of knowledge in which he is invited to expatiate; while they furnish that exact quantum of aid which sets aside otherwise insurmountable hinderances, and by its attractiveness encourages strenuous effort, by his own energies, to comprehend the authors whose works he is perusing.—*Cincinnati Christian Journal.*

"The enviable reputation that Professor Anthon has acquired as a profound scholar, a distinguished philologist, and an abstruse commentator; for critical acumen, untiring research, and redundancy of learning, is a sure guarantee that every task he sets himself to will be undertaken with zeal and executed with more than ordinary ability."—*The Expositor.*

"The author has proved himself completely master of his subject, certainly one of great difficulty. Not only is he deserving of the patronage of the community, but even of something like gratitude from our young men who are seeking a liberal education."—*American Traveller* (*Boston*).

Commendatory Notices—continued.

"The great problem in the art of teaching is, that the teacher should *forget* that he knows himself what he is teaching to others; should *remember* that what is clear as day to him is all Cimmerian darkness to his pupil. This problem, long since proved, Professor Anthon has, in our opinion, been the first to put in practice; and, in consequence, his are, we may well believe, THE BEST CLASSBOOKS EXTANT."—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

. . . . . "To relieve the youthful mind from this bootless burden we count no small praise. We hold it, indeed, to be among the noblest ends to which true learning can ever devote itself. We are sure it never appears more pleasing than in such condescension; and, what is still better, we know no labour more useful to the community. This meed of praise, whatever it be, belongs unquestionably to no scholar on this side of the Atlantic, and to few on the other, more truly than to Professor Anthon."—*Church Quarterly Review.*

. . . . . "In all these points Professor Anthon's schoolbooks—if it be not a sin to call those schoolbooks which clever men might study to advantage—are surpassingly excellent and able; while exercising the most painfully critical research, he has not disdained the *lucidus ordo*; he has remembered that he was writing for the education of the young unpractised mind, not for the cultivation of the ripe and ornate intellect; and hence, while his *English* notes, whether critical or explanatory, are as copious and comprehensive as the most abstruse commentary, they are, at the same time, so simple and so luminous as to be within the scope of the earliest and feeblest reason. . . . . We have only to say in conclusion, that every school ought at once to adopt this series of works, which may, in truth, be looked upon as introducing a new era into the education of our country, and as reflecting much honour on the talent of the learned professor by whom they were prepared."—*American Monthly Magazine.*

"They go beyond any of the elementary works printed here, which is saying a great deal."—*Boston Advocate.*

"Mr. Anthon is essentially aiding the acquisition of the ancient tongues; and we trust that he will enjoy all the success which his valuable labours so justly merit."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

. . . . "So correct in text, so elaborate in commentaries, so vastly superior, in clearness, depth, and variety of information, to any which have gone before, that no man, however thoroughly imbued with classic lore, has any right to consider these admirable works beneath his notice, or suited only to the half-formed intellect of young beginners."—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

"Teachers owe an incalculable debt of gratitude to this accomplished and patriotic scholar, for the masterly and successful effort that he has made to put them in possession of the means of raising themselves and pupils to a high standard of scholarship. He has laid a sure foundation, on which, with ordinary labour, they may rear a superstructure that will throw its shadow across the Atlantic waves, and win for America the veneration of those who have hitherto looked to us as moving sluggishly on in the paths of Grecian and Roman literature."—*Family Magazine.*

"Professor Anthon deserves the thanks of the country for the zeal with which he has undertaken, and the ability with which he has thus far executed, his task."—*Rochester Republican.*

"This is a beautiful edition, with very valuable notes, by a hand every way competent. It forms a most valuable addition to the stock of useful classics published by the Harpers."—*N. Y. American.*

"As a philologist and a classical scholar, Professor Anthon has no superior in the United States: and his schoolbooks are deservedly popular, both in England and in this country."—*N. Y. Times.*

"On this side of the Atlantic at least, and to some extent beyond it, Professor Anthon is equally known as admirably qualified to edit and enrich a version of the classics for our own times and the higher seminaries of learning now so thickly scattered through our country."—*The New-Yorker.*

Commendatory Notices—continued.

"To all classes—the maturest scholar and the merest tyro, the man of elegant and easy learning and the laborious student—these admirable works will prove a most invaluable acquisition."—*Commercial Advertiser.*

"The profound scholar under whose supervision these excellent works are put forth to the world is as well known on the Continent of Europe as he is on our own shores; and is, perhaps, the only son of America who has ever attained that degree of fame for classical attainments which should constitute him an authority second, if second, only to the great names of English or of German criticism—the Heynes and Bruncks, the Elmsleys and the Porsons, and the Bentleys, who have devoted so much time and labour to minute investigation and clear exposition of the great works of old."—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

...."The notes are all that notes can be; copious but not diffuse, learned but not pedantic, luminous, and replete with varied and most entertaining knowledge."—*N. Y. Evening Star.*

...."The production of a learned philologist, and one of the soundest classical scholars of the age, and one who, to his learned researches, adds the qualification of a most successful practical teacher. No student can listen to him without admiration and advantage..... To this high praise his editions of the classics bear ample testimony; and, judging from the experience and opinions of educated men in our country, and particularly in Europe, we have no fear that their claims will not be admitted and awarded to him when once clearly and thoroughly understood."—*Oneida Whig.*

"The series of classical schoolbooks published under the superintendence of Professor Anthon has already obtained a celebrity to which our own commendation would add little extension. These works all appear to be collated and edited with unusual care, and they are published in a style of elegance too rarely characterizing our schoolbooks, in which it is important that the eye and the taste, as well as the understanding, should be allured."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

"There are few scholars in the civilized world, comparatively speaking, possessed of the critical acumen and deep insight into the minutiæ of the Greek language, which alone could enable them to produce the *matter* with which the pages of these admirable works are stored: there are still fewer who, possessing the requisite degree of knowledge, are at the same time gifted with the tact and skill in the science of education which are so eminently visible in their *manner*."—*N. Y. Express.*

"The high character of Professor Anthon's scholarship, and the universal favour with which his books of elementary classics have been received, render any other notice than an announcement of their publication unnecessary. The present volume exhibits the same untiring research, and the same accurate learning which have characterized all his labours."—*N. Y. Gazette.*

"There is a very prevalent and very mistaken idea current, that schoolbooks are, for the most part, mere compilations. Truly good schoolbooks are the most difficult things in the universe to produce, and these are such *par excellence*."—*The Sun.*

"Professor Anthon is acknowledged by the best judges, not only in this country, but in Germany and England, to be one of the ripest classical scholars of the age. And this series of books will be used in all our academies and colleges. The editor and the publishers will by this effort do a good service to American as well as ancient literature."—*Common School Assistant.*

"Professor Anthon's classics are too well known to require any commendation. His editions of Sallust, Cæsar, Cicero, Horace, &c., have gained him a reputation for deep erudition and correct criticism which has been by no means confined to this country."—*Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

☞ *In addition to the above, numerous favourable notices of Anthon's series have been received from the most respectable sources, from some of which the publishers may hereafter present brief extracts.*

Nearly ready, in one royal octavo volume of 1200 pages.

A

CLASSICAL DICTIONARY,

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT

OF

ALL THE PROPER NAMES MENTIONED IN ANCIENT AUTHORS,

AND INTENDED TO ELUCIDATE ALL THE IMPORTANT POINTS

CONNECTED WITH

THE GEOGRAPHY, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, ARCHÆOLOGY, AND MYTHOLOGY

OF

THE GREEKS AND ROMANS,

TOGETHER

WITH A COPIOUS CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE,

AND

AN ACCOUNT OF THE COINS, WEIGHTS, AND MEASURES OF THE ANCIENTS, WITH TABULAR VALUES OF THE SAME.

BY CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D.

The publishers beg leave to state, that, in preparing this work for the press, the author has abridged and condensed all the matter added by him to the last edition of Lempriere, and has also collected other and still more important information from various sources not previously accessible to him. The author's object is, to present the student, as well as general reader, with an accurate guide into the extensive field of Classical antiquity, and to put them in possession of the most recent investigations that have been made by European scholars in this very attractive department of inquiry. He will give also his own views on numerous topics, and more especially on those connected with Classical Mythology, it being one of his professed objects to show the intimate connexion between this and the mythological systems of India, Egypt, Scandinavia, and the earlier nations of our own continent. No part of Lempriere's matter will be retained; on the contrary, the work will now assume the appearance of one entirely new, and will be designated as "*Anthon's Classical Dictionary.*" It is to be in a single royal octavo volume, of about 1200 pages, and will appear in the early part of next fall, if not sooner. The publishers have not the least doubt, from their acquaintance with the plan intended to be pursued by the author, that the work will prove of the most acceptable character, not only to Classical students, but to readers of every description. It will be printed and bound in the best style; and as the publishers anticipate for it an extensive circulation, it will be sold at an unusually low price.

CLASSICAL WORKS

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW-YORK.

ANTHON'S SERIES OF CLASSICAL WORKS.

The following works, already published, may be regarded as specimens of the whole series, which will consist of about thirty volumes.

FIRST LATIN LESSONS, containing the most important Parts of the Grammar of the Latin Language, together with appropriate Exercises in the translating and writing of Latin, for the Use of Beginners. 12mo.

FIRST GREEK LESSONS, containing the most important Parts of the Grammar of the Greek Language, together with appropriate Exercises in the translating and writing of Greek, for the Use of Beginners. 12mo.

A GRAMMAR OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE, for the Use of Schools and Colleges. 12mo.

A SYSTEM OF GREEK PROSODY AND METRE, for the Use of Schools and Colleges; together with the Choral Scanning of the Prometheus Vinctus of Æschylus, and the Ajax and Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles; to which are appended Remarks on the Indo-Germanic Analogies. 12mo.

SALLUST'S JUGURTHINE WAR AND CONSPIRACY OF CATALINE, with an English Commentary, and Geographical and Historical Indexes. Sixth Edition, corrected and enlarged. 12mo. Portrait.

CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES ON THE GALLIC WAR; with the first Book of the Greek Paraphrase; with English Notes, critical and explanatory, Plans of Battles, Seiges, &c., and Historical, Geographical, and Archæological Indexes. Map, Portrait, &c. 12mo.

SELECT ORATIONS OF CICERO, with an English Commentary, and Historical, Geographical, and Legal Indexes. 12mo. With a Portrait.

CLASSICAL LIBRARY.

With Portraits on steel. Bound uniformly, but each work sold separately.

XENOPHON. (Anabasis, translated by E. Spelman, Esq., Cyropædia, by the Hon. M. A. Cooper.)

THE ORATIONS OF DEMOSTHENES. Translated by Thomas Leland.

SALLUST. Translated by William Rose, M.A. With Improvements.

CÆSAR. Translated by William Duncan. With a Portrait.

CICERO. The Orations translated by Duncan, the Offices by Cockman, and the Cato and Lælius by Melmoth. With a Portrait.

VIRGIL. The Eclogues translated by Wrangham, the Georgics by Sotheby, and the Æneid by Dryden. Portrait.

ÆSCHYLUS. Translated by the Rev. R. Potter, A.M.

SOPHOCLES. Translated by Thomas Francklin, D.D. Portrait.

EURIPIDES. Translated by the Rev. R. Potter, A.M. Portrait.

OVID. Translated by Dryden, Pope, Congreve, Addison, and others.

HORACE. Translated by Philip Francis, D.D. With an Appendix, containing translations of *various Odes, &c.* And

PHÆDRUS. With the Appendix of Gudius. Translated by Christopher Smart, A.M. Portrait.

THUCIDIDES. Translated by William Smith, A.M. Portrait.

LIVY. Translated by George Baker, A.M. With a Portrait.

HERODOTUS. Translated by the Rev. William Beloe. Portrait.

HOMER. Translated by Alexander Pope, Esq. With a Portrait.

JUVENAL. Translated by Charles Badham, M.D., F.R.S. New Edition. To which are added, the SATIRES OF PERSEUS.

PINDAR. Translated by the Rev. C. A. Wheelwright. And

ANACREON. Translated by Thomas Bourne, Esq.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES. Translated from the original Greek, with Notes, critical and historical, and a Life of Plutarch. By John Langhorne, D.D., and William Langhorne, A.M. A new Edition.

A LIFE OF WASHINGTON. In Latin Prose. By Francis Glass, A.M., of Ohio. Edited by J. N. Reynolds. 12mo. Portrait.